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Reminiscences
of a
Pioneer Kauai Family

WITH REFERENCES AND ANECDOTES
OF EARLY HONOLULU

By Malcolm Brown

HONOLULU, JUNE, 1918

Printed and Published by Thos. McVeagh
at 13 to 19 Pauahi St., Honolulu, Hawaii

PRICE

\$1.00





In Memory of
STEPHEN SPAULDING
1907 - 1925
CLASS of 1927
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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Stephen Spaulding mem. call.
Thos. J. M. Spaulding
9th
4-23-1924

Foreword

8-4-27. E.H.H.

One of the best legacies bestowed on anyone is a carefully kept journal maintained by the head of the household. Grateful indeed would be the recipients of a document which portrayed the happenings within the home circle from the pens of those dear ones so competent in such matters: the quaint sayings so often lost, the juvenile attempts in search of knowledge, would be preserved, thus furnishing an asset for the edification of the succeeding generation. I have before me the vision of a little flax-haired beauty (Bertha) at her mother's knee, in her first efforts at articulation.

Many are blessed with retentive memories, but as we advance milestone by milestone, our recollections become dimmed, and the shadow of declining years casts a vaporous web around us, and there we are—the once active mind, buoyed up by vigorous youth, is lessened in its scope of action; old Father Time with his scythe intervenes; our place is taken by the new generation, and we bow to the inevitable. On you, parents of the coming generation, there devolves a task of no ordinary matter. Get busy—take into consideration the fact that in after years your children with data from the long ago will bless your foresight and memory, and acclaim,

“WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL
SERVANTS.”

It was the intention at the start to confine my efforts wholly to family matters, but as progress was made various episodes which occurred during boyhood and later years came back to me and I have injected into this production a few anecdotes, etc., which I hope will be appreciated. Material assistance to the writer has been given by our old and trusted friends, Robert Lewers, Marie Rosalie von Holt and Hon. S. B. Dole. The quotation on the last page is from a poem by J. Oliver, M. A., taken from Chambers' Journal, and Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem" appears in an appropriate place. For the notes from which were obtained the references to Capt. Daniel Smith and lady, I am indebted to Charles B. Wilson, who, with his brother Richard, were pupils of that worthy couple, coming to Honolulu about the time of the Captain's arrival here. The two verses opposite the picture of my father and mother were taken from the "Literary Digest."

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FATHER

(Died 1886, aged 82)

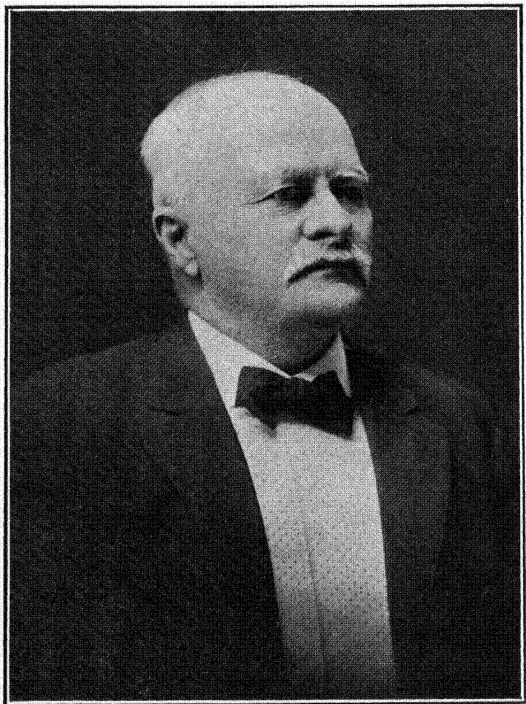
MOTHER

(Died 1900, aged 87)

SUNNYSLOPE.

There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street,
 In a quaint, little old-fashioned town;
There's a street where the cobblestones harass the feet,
 As it straggles up-hill and then down;
And, tho to and fro through the world I must go,
 My heart while it beats in my breast,
Where'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned home
 Will fly like a bird to its nest.

In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street,
 Dwelt a dear little old-fashioned pair;
I can see their two faces so tender and sweet,
 And I love every wrinkle that's there.
I love ev'ry mouse in that old-fashioned house
 In the street that runs up-hill and down,
Each stone and each stick, ev'ry cobble and brick,
 In that quaint little old-fashioned town.



MALCOLM BROWN, THE AUTHOR

Introductory Note

By Judge S. B. Dole.

Mr. Malcolm Brown, the author of "Reminiscences of a Pioneer Kauai Family," has given those of this community who hark back a few years an account of his parents' family that will greatly interest them. His father and mother were among the pioneers of civilization here, and they and their children have, in their lives and experiences, become a conspicuous element in the annals of Hawaii.

Incidental to the family biographical sketch Mr. Brown has, in his portrayal of the old life of Honolulu, placed this community under obligations to him. Without literary pretensions he has given in plain and simple language, the incidents that were his boyhood experiences, with such fidelity and frankness that, to those who were also actors in the events of those times, the old atmosphere is reproduced and the old life revived with singular clearness.

The narrative does not greatly deal with historical matters, but furnishes rather the material that histories usually leave out, often much to their incompleteness; domestic and neighborhood affairs, the sports and gayeties of the girls and boys of a period when society was much on its own resources for entertainment. Some escapades are noted, the author not using his advantage as recorder to save himself.

There is considerable interesting reference to some of the conspicuous characters of the community—of those, especially, who were within the somewhat limited horizon of schoolboy life.

My own acquaintance with the Brown family began, when as a child, our family put up for a day or two on a journey around the island of Kauai at their residence at Wailua. Those who have visited the old house while it was still in repair will remember its enchanting surroundings. Situated on the brink of the gulch of the north branch of the Wailua river it commanded a most picturesque and beautiful landscape. At that time the children were Arthur, Godfrey, Frank and Alice. This beginning and my subsequent friendly relations with them and their descendants during their Honolulu residence to the present time have been among the happy associations of a long life.

CHAPTER 1

Early Life and Education of Our Father, Thomas Brown—Apprenticeship—Marriage to Miss Mary Ann Rhodes—Famous Horticultural Gardens at Slough near Windsor Castle—Royal Banquet—Leaves London for Honolulu—Incidents of the Voyage—Arrival at Destination, etc., etc.

To compile a family history with meagre references to guide one is a somewhat difficult task, and were it not for incidents related by those who "just remember overhearing so and so mention the fact" a record would be almost impossible. At the eleventh hour, with only two of the family remaining, I will endeavor to place before our friends a faithful resume of events from the data in my possession, and trust it will meet with their approbation.

Not far from the city of London, England, were two small towns—Upton and Chalvey, which later were incorporated as one under the name of Upton cum Chalvey—and here it was that our father, Thomas Brown, first saw the light on the 27th day of July, 1804. The family home was about three miles from and overlooked Windsor Castle, the historic residence of the Royal family, and it was here that our father spent his young days and early manhood.

Early in life he studied landscape gardening and during that period received instruction at home, later attending school, and finally was placed with a private tutor.

During his apprenticeship he was attentive and painstaking, and "made good," as the saying is. It was not long before his employer, recognizing his aptitude and personal worth, cancelled the apprenticeship, then about to terminate, and he became a partner in the famous gardens at Slough, near Windsor.

His ability soon became manifest and he was many times called by the superintendent of Windsor Castle grounds for consultation and advice in matters pertaining to the royal gardens. The business increased in such volume that extensive building additions were necessary to meet the demand. Orders from the continent had to be filled, and the establishment became a huge distributing center. The magnificent wisteria which adorns the old home is still in existence and well known in the botanical world for its size and beauty.

Soon after an exhibition of rare plants and flowers was held in the grounds of the castle, and previous thereto our father visited the continent and procured bulbs of a rare tulip which

were planted and matured in time for the horticultural exhibition. The flowers proved to be beautiful and the prize for that variety went to our father. The prized awarded was a silver punch ladle, which is still in possession of the family. An oil painting by Bristow, also in existence, was made of the flowers, and represents Windsor Castle in the distance with the tulips in the foreground, towering far above the edifice. The picture is a remarkable creation, and well worth an examination. With other family paintings, all are now in possession of Mr. H. M. von Holt, at his residence in Nuuanu Valley.

Our mother was Mary Ann Rhodes, the oldest daughter of Godfrey Rhodes, a prominent officer of the Bank of England; she was born July 11, 1813, at Stepney, near London. Her two brothers, Henry and Godfrey Rhodes, came to Honolulu in early days. Three sisters, Annie, Sarah and Sussannah (Mrs. Covington, Mrs. von Pfister, and Mrs. Robinson) were leaders in society during the early days of Honolulu's gayeties.

Father and mother were married on the 15th of October, 1836, the year of the accession of Queen Victoria, the ceremony being performed in the chapel at Slough, near Windsor.

To have friends at court was a privilege accorded to few. On the occasion of a royal banquet at Windsor Castle our mother was admitted and placed in a position where she saw the Queen entering the banqueting hall on the arm of the Prince Consort. A solid gold dinner service adorned the festive board, while beautiful cut glass was in evidence on all sides; surely a sight never to be forgotten.

Matters continued to progress favorably, when, about the year 1844 our father's health failed, and he was advised to move to a warm climate. It was no easy task in those days to profitably dispose of a business and move away. The family now consisted of four children Arthur, Godfrey, Alice and Frank. It was finally decided to emigrate to the Sandwich Islands, so named after Lord Sandwich, an English politician, but some wag disputed this, and said the reason for the name was the fact that the first object to meet the eyes of Capt. Cook on approaching the coast was a pig resting between two bread fruit trees, and watching the approach of the vessels, hence that name! Be that as it may, no proof was ever forthcoming to the contrary.

The first born of the family, Arthur, at the age of four years was his mother's companion in daily exercise, and during their walks were wont to stop and converse with an old lady who kept a fruit stand near their home. Little Arthur was missed on one occasion, and on search being made could not be found. Presently he appeared trudging along with his little arms loaded with apples and completely out of breath, and this conversation followed:

"Why, Arthur, where have you been?"

"Down to the old woman's."

"Where did you get the apples?"

"Bought them from the old woman."

"But you had no money."

"No, but the old woman had money and I got the apples."

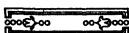
Master Arthur was marched back and made to restore the fruit, but the old woman allowed him to keep a few

On this memorable voyage embarked on board the ship Admiral Moorsom, Capt. McKnight, for the long journey to the tropics, our father and mother, the children, Arthur, Godfrey, Alice and Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Covington (Aunt Annie) and the Misses Sarah and Susannah Rhodes (Aunts Sarah and Susie). London was left behind on a cold, muggy day, and soon the passengers received their first baptism of life afloat, with the usual nauseating experiences. At the initial period of the voyage storm after storm was encountered, but thanks to the ability of the captain, who, by the way, was a very young man, they were safely piloted into good weather. Arthur became a great chum of the captain's, and took pleasure in learning everything in connection with the working of the ship. He was here and there, delving and taking notes in matters which appealed to his fancy.

Many plants in sealed hot houses were put on board the vessel as an experiment, but few thrived. Three magnolia trees survived the voyage. One was planted where the Roman Catholic Mission now stands on Fort Street, then the property of Henry Rhodes, our mother's brother. The other two were taken to Kauai, and planted, one at Hanalei and the other at our home in Wailua. Of the three, the one in Honolulu died, the other two grew to be beautiful large trees, and are the parents of all the magnolias now existing on these islands. Several species of the English and virgin lilies also did well; their bulbs were sent broadcast over the land, and they in turn beautified the gardens of many homes; creeping vines were also brought out, among them the wisteria, Tacoma Japonica, passion vine and others, many of which also thrived.

The Falkland Islands were visited on the voyage out, and the passengers enjoyed a short outing on shore. A bird-infested "paradise" this proved to be. Mr. Richard Covington, our uncle, became separated from the party and had quite an experience. His eyesight was not very good, and he failed to notice where his footsteps were leading him. He became surrounded by many birds, who perched on his head, shoulders, and other parts of his anatomy, causing him to drop to the ground. He had taken off his coat, which he used as a weapon of defense, and when rescued was well nigh exhausted.

The voyage to Honolulu was a tedious one, and after being buffeted about by adverse winds and stormy weather for over six months, the ship cast anchor off the harbor of Honolulu, and thus ended the family's first sea voyage. Mail facilities in those days were far from good, and six months was the period consumed before letters and papers were received from abroad, reaching the islands by way of Cape Horn.



CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Honolulu—Arthur profits by first first voyage—Charles Griffiths—Blockade running and death of Arthur—A surprise—Godfrey Rhodes—The Dudoit Family—Domiciled in Honolulu—Coffee Planting at Hanalei—Stock Ranch at Wailua—Return to Honoulu—The von Pfister Family, etc.

The interest taken by Arthur in the vessel during the voyage served him in good part, and by the time Honolulu was abeam, in matters nautical he was well posted, and before reaching the age of twenty-five was first officer of the ship "Surprise," running from New York to China in the tea trade. His promotion to the captaincy of the vessel came as a result of the death of the master soon after reaching Hongkong. Arthur made one more trip to China in the "Surprise" as captain, and on this latter return voyage met with calm after calm, had a tussle in the China Sea with pirates, and finally reached New York after the vessel had been posted as lost. Before the termination of his last voyage to China, and while lying in the harbor of Hongkong, a bark came in flying the Hawaiian colors. Arthur called a boat and boarded her, expecting to have a talk with members of the crew, if Hawaiians. She proved to be one of Hackfeld & Co.'s vessels, the "R. W. Wood," manned by a German crew who were unable to speak English or Hawaiian either.

At this time the mutterings between the North and South occurred, and soon the Civil War was on. Several months pre-

vicious to this time Arthur met and after a short courtship married Miss Rosalie Henry French, a daughter of a prominent Virginia family, and moved to Brooklyn, New York. He now made application to the Southern Confederacy for a vessel, and was soon appointed to the captaincy of a good sized craft, and began to run the blockade. Several trips were made which bore good results. On his last trip, however, he put into Hamilton, Bermuda, for water and provisions, where he was stricken with yellow fever, succumbed to the disease in a couple of days, and was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery at that place. On the next trip of this vessel she was overhauled and captured by one of Uncle Sam's vessels, and the entire crew made prisoners.

The news of our brother's death was brought to Honolulu by the ship "Seaman's Bride," and I remember our mother saying what a coincidence it was that the ship should bear that name, as Arthur had then been married but a very short time. The arrival of the ship was noted in the P. C. Advertiser, also the record of her departure for Baker's Island to load guano for Europe. During that period a line of American vessels sailed from New York to San Francisco, discharged cargo there, and sailed thence in ballast to Baker's Island, touching at Honolulu for water, supplies, etc. Now another coincidence. For years past the "Advertiser" has published on every Sunday items from the files of "50" and "25" years ago, bearing on those two periods. Just fifty years later to a day I was sitting at my brother Cecil's bedside (1917), where he had lain for a year and a half, paralyzed, and took up the morning Advertiser and read the clipping of fifty years ago in relation to the loss of the "Seaman's Bride," which occurred soon after her arrival at Baker's Island.

Among the members of the crew who came out with the family from England was Charles Griffiths, a Welshman, who left the vessel in Honolulu, and cast his lot with our family. If there ever was a faithful being, and one who in later years proved himself worthy of the title, it was he! "Masterman Ready," he was affectionately called, for that character was faithfully portrayed in his make-up. From the setting of a broken limb to driving a nail he was proficient. As an example of his skill, our Aunt Sarah had the misfortune to fracture an arm by a fall from horseback on Kauai, and in a remarkably short time Griffiths had the arm in splints and the patient far on the road to recovery. Later on, at an examination of the arm by a physician, he declared that the work done was equal to any case of surgery that ever came under his notice. This faithful friend was the constant companion of the family for years, and after a life of usefulness finally was gathered to his fathers, and for the past half century has been sleeping in the beautiful Nuuanu Cemetery. R. I. P.

On their arrival at Honolulu a genuine surprise was in store for the family. I am unable to state whether or not it was pre-arranged, but it is nevertheless a fact that Godfrey Rhodes met his sister and brother-in-law in Honolulu soon after the termination of their voyage. The former came to Honolulu on the bark "Clementine" as first officer on his way to the North-west, and after taking on water and fresh provisions, continued his voyage, with the intention of again returning. On the voyage back he decided to leave the vessel and locate on the islands, so taken was he with the climate and its kindred attractions.

At this time, however the French missionaries, who had recently arrived, were suffering persecution from the government, which had culminated in an edict of banishment against them.

The captain of the vessel either died here or was incapacitated, and the command of the bark was, I may say, forced on our uncle. Capt. Rhodes (familiarily known as "Kapena Loke") was a past master in navigation, and his vessel was chartered to take the French priests away, which was soon carried out, leaving with them for South America. Being an excellent French scholar, and having listened to accounts of the controversy pro and con, he championed the cause of the former, thinking they had been unfairly dealt with. On the voyage over he was converted to Roman Catholicism, and was a staunch member of that faith up to the time of his death. It can be truly said of him in his dealings official and otherwise, that he was always just and never favored one denomination more than the other.

Uncle Godfrey finally returned to Honolulu, and with our father made arrangements to cultivate coffee in the Hanalei valley on the island of Kauai. Many acres of land were prepared for the young trees, and conditions looked favorable for a fine plantation. The trees grown were of a healthy color and promised well. However, all that glitters is not gold, and as suddenly as they sent forth the young shoots, the plants died. The cause soon became manifest, for undoubtedly the ocean at one time occupied that territory, as a bed of white sand was found below the surface. Uncle Godfrey built the house at Hanalei, which afterwards was added to by the late G. F. Wundurberg, and then became a part and parcel of the Hanalei Sugar Plantation. Mr. Wundunberg at one time was manager of the plantation. His family consisted of several daughters and a son. They afterwards moved to Honolulu, and occupied a home where the old Royal Hawaiian Hotel now stands. In later years Mr. Wundunberg was identified with the Hawaiian government, and held many positions of trust, which he filled with honor and credit. In matters social this family was always prominent, and entertainments under their hospitable roof were many, and an entree universally sought.

An incident which dumbfounded the natives during the planting period is worthy of note. It transpired that a hail storm came upon them at one time when clearing land at Hanalei. Some ran away in terror, others braver than the rest, gathered quite a lot of the frozen drops, placed them in a calabash, covered it and put it aside and after work hours took it to the house for an explanation. They uncovered their find. But change! presto change! lo and behold, nothing but water! "Kupaianaha loa," said the natives after the matter had been explained to them ("most extraordinary").

When ice cream was first seen and partaken of by the natives, terror seized them. It was some time before an explanation would satisfy them. "Wela loa," they said, "ho-o iloko o ka wai"—too hot—place it in water. They could understand how to heat water, but would not understand how anything became so hot that it would solidify.

It is well known what a good friend Uncle Godfrey Rhodes was to the Hawaiians, and his exertions in their behalf politically and otherwise has become a matter of history. In 1874 Uncle Godfrey lost his second wife very suddenly, after a life of happiness extending over twenty-five years. Some years later he married Miss Nancy Chapman, a niece of the celebrated English actor Charles Kean. Having been advised to seek a change of climate he moved to Berkeley, California, with his wife and young daughter Ada, accompanied by his mother-in-law and sister-in-law. Several years later Mrs. Ann Chapman, mother of Mrs. Rhodes, died, and the family returned to Honolulu. Uncle Godfrey's health now became impaired, and after a few months' illness he passed away at the ripe age of 82 years. Mrs. Rhodes, Ada and Miss Maria Chapman returned to California and located in San Jose, where Miss Ada was placed at school in the well-known convent of Notre Dame, where her advancement in studies was marked.

Soon after returning to Honolulu Miss Ada went on a trip around the world, with a companion, accompanied by her two cousins, Cecil and Godfrey Brown, which terminated six months later, returning to Honolulu by way of the Orient. Soon after their return Ada became engaged to and later married Mr. William Williamson, a prominent broker and business man of Honolulu. They have a young daughter now old enough to attend school. They are domiciled in a beautiful home between the vine-clad hills of Nuuanu, and being situated on an eminence, commands a superb view of the surrounding country.

The first house our family occupied in Honolulu after their arrival from England was a building in the old W. J. Smith lot, next to that now occupied by the Central Union Church, on Bere-tania street. At that time it was occupied by Jules Dudoit and

family, who in later years proved to be valued friends of ours. Jules Dudoit and family came to Honolulu in 1836 on the bark Columbia, and on the same vessel was also Henry Rhodes, one of our mother's brothers, who was on his way to the Northwest to take a position with the Hudson Bay Company, a well-known English corporation, afterwards moving to Victoria, where he was admitted into the firm of Janion Green & Co.

Our and the Dudoit family next occupied what is now known as the Dickson homestead, on Beretania street, and from there moved into a gable-roofed cottage on the corner of Alapai and King streets, which between the years 1840 and 1850 was occupied respectively by the well-known families of Clark and Tanner. It was while our family was here domiciled that the Royal School was located where the armory now stands. This institution was at that time under the care of Amos Cook and wife, the well-known educators, remembered throughout the islands among the early pioneers and their descendants. Our brother Frank visited this school on several occasions, with the result that complaints were lodged with our parents. There was a bank of red dirt on the premises from which Frank delighted in showering himself, as well as some of the pupils, and one occasion a teacher was subjected to the discharge. Frank was something of a naturalist in his way and on a few occasions came home with his pocket stuffed with worms, lizards, and kindred insects. He took very kindly to a centipede the first time he saw one, but the acquaintance, for some reason or other, was never cultivated.

As coffee planting at Hanalei proved a failure, preparations were made to move to Wailua, Kauai. Our father came into possession of some leaseholds there and decided to go into the stock-raising industry and thither the family moved; a commodious house, the frame of which was brought out from England, was erected and the family soon became settled. The plans of the architect called for a secret chamber where the family could hide in case they were "attacked by savages." The chamber was constructed all right, and as our father was assured no savages existed, the room was utilized for storing provisions, etc., etc.

The three boys, Arthur, Godfrey and Frank were a great help about the ranch. Godfrey became an expert horseman, and could pick a coin from the ground while on horseback, with the animal on a dead run.

There were few neighbors there then. Dr. Smith and family, of Koloa, the Rowells, Rices, Wilcoxs, Thos. Marshall and others were in the neighborhood, and the families soon became intimate.

At one time Miss Julia Dudoit visited the family and was drowned in the Wailua River. She and our sister were bathing and both got beyond their depth and were brought from the water

unconscious. Our sister after treatment, was restored, but Julia Dudoit failed to respond, and died.

Several years later the ranch was not in a very flourishing condition, and as the three older boys needed tuition in the advanced studies, our father decided to place them at school in the United States. The family had now increased by three, Luis, who died when an infant, Cecil, and the writer. Everything was disposed of and we embarked for Honolulu on a little schooner, but were wrecked on Barber's Point, finally reaching Honolulu by the aid of horses, which were hired at Waianae. On this voyage from Kauai our aunt, Mrs. von Pfister, was also a passenger, and kept the man at the wheel awake by prodding him with her umbrella. It was invariably the custom then of the helmsmen on these schooners, when well off shore, to lash the wheel and take a snooze.

On one occasion Gov. Paul Kanoa left Kauai to come to Honolulu. The schooner was becalmed and drifted out of sight of land. Provisions were beginning to get scarce and a consultation was held as to what course to pursue. Kanoa solved the problem by advising the captain to turn the schooner around and start afresh from Kauai. This was unnecessary, as a vessel came along, furnished them with food, and gave them their bearings; they finally reached Honolulu without further trouble.

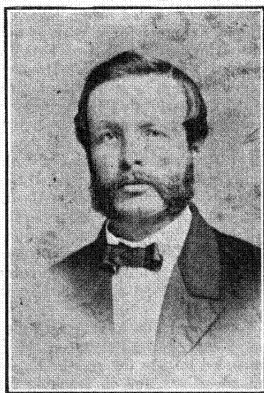
The von Pfister family came of good stock and were among the early settlers in New York, and later became identified with our family. Frank M. von Pfister, his brothers Edward H. and John R., went to the Pacific Coast in early days. The two former settled in California, while John R. von Pfister continued on to these islands and became identified with the coffee and sugar business at Hanalei. He visited our home at Wailua, courted and married our Aunt Sarah U. Rhodes. On the discovery of gold in 1849, John R. caught the fever, and went to California, and at the mines lost his life. He was mistaken for someone else and murdered by one Jose Ramon. The latter eventually was caught and suffered death at the hands of a Vigilance Committee. Left a widow with two small children, our aunt managed to get along by teaching school, which filled a long-felt want in the community. Ida and Ramsay were the two children. Of course we always had our differences---a fight one day and boon companions the next, and so on to the end of the chapter.

A great rivalry sprang up between the different members of society in those days. There were the English and American factions, with the former then in a majority, and invariably to the fore on all state and social occasions. However, there were peace-makers who intervened and patched up all differences, and then quiet reigned supreme. English war vessels visited Honolulu frequently in those days and conquests were made by many of the officers from among the young ladies of the village.

CHAPTER III.

Leave for New York via Cape Horn—Shipwrecked on Coast of South America—Rescued by Tug and Arrive at Destination—Boys Placed in School—Return to Honolulu—Father Receives Government Employment—Incidents, etc., etc.

Preparations were at last completed to take the family away and place the three older boys at school. Passage was engaged on the ship "Charles Mallory," Capt. Howland, bound for New Bedford. This vessel was an extreme clipper and a very good sailer. A rapid run was made to the coast of South America, and there we were wrecked. The Captain had been unable to take



CAPT. ARTHUR BROWN
(Died 1864, aged 27)

observations for several days, owing to heavy weather, and one dark night the vessel struck, and daylight saw us about 100 yards from the shore, hard and fast on the coast of Pernambuco. It appears that the vessel had cleared the outer ledge of rocks, and brought up on the inner reef. Tents were erected on the beach and we were marooned there for three weeks. While bringing material on shore for the use of the passengers and ship's com-

pany, members of the crew broke into the storeroom and procured liquor. For a while they had the upper hand, but our father and others subdued an incipient riot and destroyed everything in the shape of booze. At last we were taken off by a tug sent to our rescue, and finally reached New York, where the three boys were placed at school. In due time their tuition was finished. Arthur, as before mentioned, took up the sea as a profession, while Godfrey and Frank started on a business career, taking up residence in Brooklyn Heights, both returning to the islands in later years.

Our brother Godfrey, before leaving New York, was with a prominent business firm, and later proceeded to British Columbia, and entered the employ of Janion Green & Rhodes, and afterwards was interested in mining matters there. He returned to Honolulu and with our brother Cecil engaged in various enterprises. He was many times elected to the Legislature, and served as Registrar of Public Accounts for a year or two. He held the portfolio of Finance Minister, also that of Foreign Affairs, under the monarchy. Several years ago he left Honolulu and took up his residence in London, where he is now domiciled.

Frank returned to Honolulu at the breaking out of the civil war and received a position with a prominent English firm here, which he held for a number of years. He then took charge of our Uncle's (Godfrey Rhodes) wine business while the latter was away from Honolulu, and afterwards organized the firm of Brown & Co., in a like business. He was elected to the Legislature from the Koolau District, also for three successive terms from Ewa and Waianae. In 1876 Frank married Miss Caroline Wundenberg, a daughter of the late G. F. Wundenberg, formerly of Hanalei, Kauai. In 1902 Frank was stricken with valvular disease of the heart, and after a painful illness succumbed in the 61st year of his age.

Preparations were now made to return to the islands, and to that end passage was engaged in Boston on the Ship "Raduga," and thither we proceeded to take the vessel. Passage to Honolulu no doubt had been advertised, for on reaching Boston we found the number of passengers exceeded the space allotted for them, and consequently accommodations were built between the decks of the ship to house the overflow. Finally everything was ready, and on the 28th day of October, 1855, we set sail for our destination. Captain M. Green was master, and continued on the same run for years, becoming well-known and highly respected by the then old kamaainas and all with whom he came in touch.

The number of passengers necessitated setting two tables for each meal, but it was not long before everything was working well and we became settled with our father as caterer for the voyage.

The passengers soon fraternized and became as one happy family. It is impossible at this late day to furnish the names of all the company, but suffice it to say that many proved themselves to be makers of Hawaiian history. Our Robert Lewers, one of the two remaining survivors of that voyage, is still with us at the ripe age of over eighty, honored and respected by all—surely a worthy example for all to follow. Judge Lee, the first Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, an estimable widow lady, Mrs. Patterson, who became the wife of Judge C. C. Harris after reaching Honolulu, and Judge Bond. Our father and mother, sister Alice ("Lilly"), Cecil and the writer—the two



GODFREY BROWN
(Aged 78)

youngest of the family. Everything worked very nicely for the voyage, as far as Staten Land not far from Cape Horn. A remarkable run of sixty days was made to this point; then our troubles commenced. We were now off Cape Horn trying to get round into the Pacific. With a favorable wind it could be done in less than no time. For twenty-five days we were buffeted about in that location, and at last managed to weather that stormy point. On rounding the Horn we came into some very heavy weather and steered away for Valparaiso, Chile, where we eventually

arrived and took on water and provisions. While here our father had some dispute with one of the carriage drivers over some exorbitant charges, etc. He was obliged to appeal to the United States authorities located there, and the matter was finally adjusted. We resumed our voyage in three or four days, with a very light wind. In a few days, however, a gale sprang up off-shore which carried us almost to our destination. Judge Lee was of a social disposition, and his great delight was to take his meals at the second table so he could converse with the steward. This official was an eccentric sort of a chap, had been in all parts of the world, and with a fund of information, real or imaginary. On one occasion during the voyage we ran short of sugar. Judge Lee, however, had an invoice of that article on board, so the ship's company did not suffer. It was the old familiar kind in loaf, and some of the passengers were set at work to break it in lumps for use.

Services were held every Sunday, weather permitting. There was a little harmonium or organ on board, which furnished our music for the services, as well as for the amusement of the passengers on week days. At last the welcome shout of "Land Ho!" and the snow-capped peak of Mauna Loa was raised high above the cloud rack. Two days after we dropped anchor in Honolulu harbor. The voyage towards the end was tedious and all were glad to again tread *terra firma*.

A mock trial was pulled off one evening in the cabin and proved quite interesting. One of the lady passengers was accused of jilting an individual named Neptune, and was prosecuted for that heinous crime. Judge Lee was disbarred from hearing the case, so it devolved on Capt. Green to don the ermine and wig, which he did, and acquitted himself very well, receiving a vote of thanks at the close of trial. The prisoner was found "jilty" and, after a severe lecture, the sentence was passed on the culprit as follows: "You are to come before this assembly at 8 bells tomorrow—kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and shake your fist at the one you love best," which sentence was duly carried out, and the court was adjourned *sine die*.

From this time on matters did not progress very well. Father had been put to considerable expense by making provision for the boys left behind in New York, and the outlook was far from encouraging. Steady employment at this time was impossible to obtain, and our father succeeded in getting a few commissions to perform through the help of good friends, which managed to tide the family along. The good and happy disposition of our dear mother and that of our jewel of a sister, served to brighten up the home as only such influences could. In after years what a deep source of satisfaction it is to be able to look back on those hallowed

times! Fortunate indeed the children brought up under the influence of Christian parents!

Our father continued, through the help of friends, to obtain employment at different times, and finally was appointed Deputy to the Recorder of Deeds, which position he held until the resignation of the then Recorder, Mr. A. B. Bates, when he was appointed to the vacancy by King Kamehameha IV, a position he held for 30 years.

About this time had just been completed the new Royal Mausoleum in Nuuanu Valley, to be utilized as the resting place of Hawaii's monarchs. The coffins had been deposited temporarily in a building within the palace yard, and at midnight on a certain date the bodies were moved to the new sepulchre. It was a weird procession, with innumerable torches displayed, and the only music heard was the creaking of the wheels of the drays carrying the caskets. Every dray in town was utilized, and the route of the procession was lined on each side by the populace. The usual chanting by kahunas or priests was a noticeable feature, of course. Soon after the termination of the Kamehameha dynasty it became necessary to procure more space for the reception of additional coffins, so an underground vault was constructed, to which many of the bodies were removed. In this connection I will say that our father was given the task of laying out the grounds surrounding the tomb, which he accomplished, and was highly complimented for his skill. An attractive garden was laid out, and for a time proved a beautiful sight, but eventually it died out, and grass was substituted.

THE FIRST CIRCUS.

"Ma, what means circus?"

"Never mind, dear, this is school time, so attend to your lessons."

"But Lilly said so, Ma."

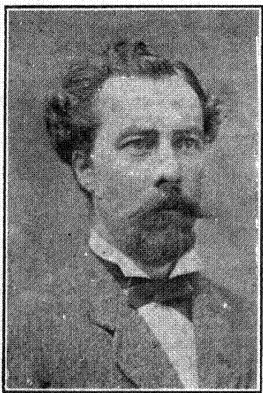
"What did your sister say?"

"She said there was a circus"—

"Don't you dare to ask any more questions during school hours. If you are very good boys your sister might take you, when the time comes."

Conversations similar to the foregoing no doubt occurred in many a home at the time the circus first came to Honolulu. We were assured that we would be taken to the matinee, but we were impatient to a marked degree. The first night at last came around and we attended—my brother Cecil and I. We occupied an upstairs room in the house at Sunnyslope, with a window looking out on a Pride-of-India tree which stood at the corner of the building. We retired earlier than usual that night and soon our

father came and looked into the room and I suppose went back and reported us asleep. After everything was quiet we got up and dressed; we each took our shoes in hand, and I was the first to get through the window, and waited at the base of the tree for my brother. We finally reached the tent which had been pitched on the esplanade about a mile from our house. We watched our chance, raised a flap of the tent, ducked under it and we were at the circus. We elbowed our way to the front, and saw almost the entire performance. Now to get home without detection! We saw many who would recognize us, which made us careful. We eventually got clear and ran all the way home, reaching our room safely, and were as usual up bright and early in the morning. No one ever knew of our escapade, but we were taken to the matinee, and of course enjoyed the entertainment.



FRANK BROWN
(Died 1902, aged 61)

CHAPTER IV.

Rev. Father Walsh—Happenings on the Waterfront—Escapades
—Picnics—Old Royal Hawaiian Theater—Honolulu's Queer
Characters—"Oakum"—Joe Moore—"Poloka," etc., etc.

A good old soul—and a better never drew the breath of life—was Rev. Father Walsh, of the Roman Catholic Mission, who was stationed on Kauai at the time our family moved there. For some reason or other he was the only one not included when the French mission was banished from the islands. It came out that although the reverend gentleman was a member of that faith, he was not under their control. He was in possession of a private income, and had a school and small church, independent of any organization, and used his income for the betterment of mankind. He was brought to our house one day by some of the natives, suffering from an accident. It appears that on this occasion he was thrown from his horse and sustained a fracture of a couple of ribs. Our parents and Griffiths nursed him through his illness, and in after years he never failed to show his gratitude. He finally relinquished his duties on Kauai, and, the R. C. Mission having been allowed to return, he placed his services at their disposal. At that time the Mission inaugurated a boarding school at Ahuimanu, on the windward side of this island, and thither he was sent to conduct it. Father Walsh rode into town once a week and always had two extra horses with him for his two boys as he called us. On two or three occasions we accompanied him over the Pali for a day or two's recreation, and that we enjoyed our visits goes without telling. On one of these never-to-be-forgotten times, I remember being strictly admonished not to leave the enclosure while Father Walsh took Cecil and some of the boys to gather mountain apples. I was placed under the watchful eye of one of the teachers, but managed to elude his vigilance and went off on my own hook. I wandered into the hills and came face to face with a young calf and soon heard, as I imagined, the bellowing of wild cattle. I had just time to climb into the branches of an ohia tree, when a pair of horns appeared, and then the cow, which had become separated from its young, came into view. I ate ohias and pelted the cow with the seeds, but to no purpose; it would not budge. Darkness was coming on, and I began to shout to the best of my ability. I was finally rescued from my "perilous position" by Father Walsh and party, and escorted back to the college.

We were always anxious for Saturday to come around. At the end of each week, provided we had a certain number of marks

to our credit, we were given a "real," which was a Spanish coin, and of the value of 12 1-2 cents. We were given a free hand and permitted to spend it for any thing that suited our fancy. Those were good old days, and the end of each week witnessed the arrival of schooners from different plantations, laden with sugar and molasses. At that time barrels were used for the transportation of molasses, and it always happened that many of the packages were leaky and needed coopering which was done on the wharves. We had a Chinese friend on Mauna Kea street, who conducted a restaurant and bakery, and sold stale cake very cheap, and there we went to invest our money; then ho! for the waterfront and molasses! There were little pools of the sticky stuff on the ground, in which we soaked our cake—and oh! what a feed it was! That we were often seen on the wharf during these never-to-be-forgotten days was known and we were told to keep away from the schooners, as we might soil our clothes. I went once in a clean white suit, took off my coat and deposited it in a safe place, and proceeded as usual to enjoy myself. Molasses that day was more in evidence than usual, and my trousers became quite dirty. How to get home with a clear conscience bothered me not a little, but a rain storm saved the day, and possibly my back. I decided to wash my trousers, and on my way home went to Waikahalulu pool and washed and scrubbed and spread them over a stone to dry. Finally I put them on when half dry and started for home; then the rain came down in torrents. I did not take long before I was good and wet, then I waited under a tree for a change in the weather. There were stains on my trousers, which of course, when I got home, I had to explain, which I did. It was a very dirty tree and the water dripping therefrom soiled my clothes. This explanation was received as satisfactory. Those who attended these lunch parties were Fred Wundenberg, Fred and Clarence Macfarlane, Cecil, myself, and occasionally the Bates boys and a few others. All good things have an ending. Our numbers were augmented by a few native boys at our last meeting, which we would not tolerate and we were all driven away by a policeman.

The Bethel Sunday School gave a picnic once at Waikiki near where the Moana Hotel now stands. There were no houses at that section of the beach then, only a large wooden platform enclosed with cocoanut leaves, where we had our lunch, each one bringing his own. The underbrush here was very thick, and was infested by pigs of the razorback variety. We amused ourselves by catching some of the small ones and taking them down to the edge of the beach. Just as a wave came along we released them and enjoyed seeing them turned over and over. We were told it was very cruel sport, so had to quit it. We climbed cocoanut trees, ran races, ducked each other in the water, and went home tired out.

There was no historical society in Honolulu during early times, consequently no records are available now for items of interest. It is a well known fact that the government in those days was frequently in need of funds to meet expenses. Dogs appearing on the street without collar and tag were apprehended and finally destroyed after being impounded for a given period. Grass grew luxuriantly on each side of Nuuanu avenue, and people residing on that street let their horses out every night to browse, which was prohibited by law, and the government pound did a good business at times. On one occasion the owner of a horse came upon the scene just as the policeman was leading off the animal to impound. After a few words the policeman was assured if he would release the horse he would be shown two or three dogs without collar or tag, not far off. The policeman assisted the owner to stable his horse, and both returned to the street, and the inclosure was pointed out where the animals could be found, and at the same time he was informed that the dogs were of no use, were old, had no teeth, and of course would not bite. The information given the policeman proved to be correct. He found the dogs, all right, but they were of cast iron, and used as garden ornaments. No report to the authorities was made, as the policeman was assured he could be prosecuted for "aiding and abetting," and possibly be ousted from his job. The owner of this horse used a near-by stream to perform his ablutions, and on one occasion some mischievous boys "laid low" and hid the poor man's clothes. It is not known whether he surrounded himself with a barrel or received aid from natives, but he finally got home without further mishap.

The Royal Hawaiian Theatre on the corner of Hotel and Alakea streets, where the Masonic Temple now stands, was an old land mark; Chas. Derby lived in the rear of the building, and was a party interested in the structure. He was somewhat of a gymnast, as well as an actor, and at one time organized a class in physical culture. All who could raise the entrance fee attended, and also paid a nominal monthly tax. "Billy Clark," one of the boys, took a great interest in the exercises, and even erected a trapeze in a room adjoining his uncle's shoe store on Hotel street, where he practiced in private unbeknown to any of the class. Billy was a great egotist and loved praise, which was handed to him in bunches. He could do anything from "skinning the cat," to running round the block on a wager and into the arms of a policeman, walking a chalk-line blindfolded, etc., etc.

A season of "Shakespeare" was pulled off here at one time by a company of actors from the Colonies. Chas. Fechter, Raymond, Neill and a few others comprised the members. After a couple of performances they managed to get away to San

Francisco, where they disbanded. "The Wizard of the North," later came and electrified many an audience with his tricks.

Mr. and Mrs. Macauley comprised the orchestra in those days, and between them gave us good music, so arranged that they could manipulate several instruments at one and the same time. The piano, bass drum, cymbals, fife, cornet, mouth-organ and snare drum figured in the aggregation.

One of the practicing physicians at this time was Dr. Buffum. He was a tall, sallow-looking man, always rode a white horse, and received the appellation of "Death on a White Horse." He acquired a piece of property on Hotel street, and there erected a two-story building known then as Buffum's Hall. The upper floor was fitted for entertainments, with a small stage at one end. The music lovers of Honolulu were there treated to several concerts by a family from Australia—the Carandini troupe, which consisted of the mother, three daughters, and a tenor singer. It was an aggregation of splendid artists, and they did a good business. The ladies were very good looking, and sang the song "She Is Fooling Thee," whenever the front seats were occupied by a row of bald heads, which was the case at nearly every performance. These shining bald pates paid a premium for these positions so notice would be taken of them.

"Social Life in the Tropics" was the caption of an article which appeared in one of the California periodicals. The first number of the "Overland Monthly" was the publication which printed it, I think. It was very well written, and though no names were mentioned, the references therein could be fitted to a few of the residents. Dire were the threats hurled on the author if he or she could be exposed. A few years after it was revealed who the culprit was, but by that time all interest had died out, and the author went his way unscathed and died at a good old age.

Among Honolulu's queer characters "Shields the Saddler" will be remembered by kamaainas. He occupied a one-room building on Fort street, makai of Merchant, and where the Bank of Hawaii now stands. I am under the impression that his was the only establishment of that nature here then, and he is supposed to have done a good business. He was short and stout, with a very red face, and in figure not unlike the cartoons we see of Punch. His nose was out of the ordinary, but in no sense so prominent as that of Mr. Punch. In dress, and general make-up, immaculate barely expresses his appearance. Sunday was his day of parade, and about the time people were flocking to church he would appear, gotten up regardless of expense. His one pervading sin was Cologne Water, with which he used to smother himself. A cheap German article was at that time on the market, which he bought by the dozen bottles. He later became very offensive to the ladies,

complaints were lodged, and one fine day he was placed upon a vsssel bag and baggage, and he never came back.

In spite of our shortcomings we boys had a chum in the person of old Joe Strauss, a German Jew, who kept a clothing and general merchandise store on Nuuanu street, opposite Merchant. At times we were the bane of his life. He would laugh at us and call us in. Then he would lecture us, give us a few marbles, and suggest that we send him some customers. Whenever we could raise a little money it was invariably deposited with him and we got in return any article that appealed to our fancy. His wife assisted him in his business. She did not take very kindly to boys, and became belligerent every now and then. "Never mind the old woman, she's all right," the old man would say. "You better go now."

John Foley was an Irishman, and ex-pugilist, had a home on Liliha street, and followed the calling of a painter. He was a man of large proportions, and stood over six feet in his stocking feet. When in his prime, fistic contests were pulled off in small rings. Gloves were not used then, and the contestants fought with bare knuckles. At one time he must have received terrible punishment, as his face was very much marked and his nose had a leaning towards his right cheek, while his knuckles and hands were battered and out of shape. He was a good and faithful workman, and did not want for employment. He was a very intelligent man, and seldom referred to his early life. A great favorite with the then rising generation, he always had a word of good advice for the youngsters.

Foley, during the riot at the Court House, when Kalakaua was elected King of these islands, was badly used by the rioters. Queen Emma was the candidate in opposition to Kalakaua and Foley was one of her adherents. W. L. Mochonua nearly lost his life, he having received injuries which rendered him unconscious, and the mob had got him down when Foley with the assistance of others who were endeavoring to rescue him, was struck from behind and collapsed. Major Wodehouse, then British Commissioner here, got into the melee and stood over Foley, calling out, "Don't injure that man; he is a British subject. I am here to protect him." This action of Mr. Wodehouse awed the crowd, and peace was soon restored.

Harry von Holt was then a young boy, and left home to take in the sights. Kanuha, one of the Queen's supporters, knew Harry well, and asked him what business he had there. He informed Kanuha he was a "Queen Emma Man." This is no place for you, said Kanuha, and he took Harry up bodily and placed him on top of a large covered wagon which stood outside of Harper's Blacksmith Shop, near the Court House, where he remained

until conditions became quieter, and then reached home in safety. He was late for dinner and got no desert.

Joe Moore was a mulatto barber and conducted a shop on Nuuanu street about opposite Chaplain Lane. It was never known how long he had been here or when he arrived. Just as often as the full moon came around he got "strokes of religion," and would exhort the wicked from his shop door, and close with a prayer. The boys soon "got wise" and managed to meet in the lane. While nearing the end of his discourse, and at a given signal, he was bombarded with overripe eggs, vegetables, fresh mud, and the like. He would give chase and on one occasion nearly caught a couple of the boys. It was a lucky thing that he did not, for there is no telling what he would have done. He was very tall and thin, and dressed in the most grotesque manner, and wore a beaver of ancient style and make. They finally had to place him in the asylum, where he died.

Another familiar character was "Oakum." His proper name was never known; he had been rendered weak mentally by some terrible calamity. It was generally supposed that he was a survivor of the Mountain Meadow Massacre in Utah. He at times would refer to "them Injuns and whites," and the writer remembers his reference to them on one or more occasions. He seldom wore a hat and had yellow curls, which rested on his shoulders, and someone dubbed him "Oakum." To shoes and stockings he was a stranger, and appeared in shirt and trousers, sometimes wearing a coat. A shot gun rested on his shoulders at all times, and he was followed by an army of five to ten dogs, to whom he was devoted. When in town he occupied a cabin near the old brick kiln on Beretania street, beyond Punchbowl street. He was harmless, and spent his time in the mountains mostly. He was an authority on wild honey and bees and was able to locate swarms and their product on short notice. He bothered no one and went his way quietly. As the full of the moon approached he would become communicative, but his conversation was disjointed and lacked sense. The boys liked "Oakum" and he in turn always had a pleasant word for them. He did many jobs of gardening for the residents, and raised algerobas in pots and disposed of them to many, planting and caring for them until well advanced. He also propagated the lantana in the same way, but not to any great extent. Young mango trees he also sold, getting most of his plants from Lahaina. He must have had at one time differences with Joe Moore, the barber. He complained to the police and said the darkey barber was bothering him; that he did not want any trouble, but he would have to keep out of his way, etc. The result was that they were both placed under surveillance. They were brought to the station one day just as they were about

to mix matters. On being searched, Moore had two or three razors taken from him and Oakum was relieved of a murderous looking knife. Neither of them appeared again at large. Oakum, like Moore, died when under restraint at the asylum.

Constan Fortain was a Frenchman, a blacksmith, and had a small shop at Puunui, just below the old Pico property on Judd street, now owned by the well-known McInerny family. "Poloka" was the name given him by the natives, but what the significance was I am unable to say. He was an adept at making spurs and bits and could have kept himself busy at all times. He would work for a short time and then take a rest. He loved his cognac and would indulge almost to the limit, recuperate, and then resume his labors. He made a good thing from his spurs and bits; for the former he received \$10, while \$8 was his charge for making bits. The spurs had a peculiar musical jingle which the vaqueros in those days liked. Many workmen tried to "get on" to his method of tempering the metal he used in making the spurs, so the musical sound could be produced, but to no purpose. Someone did procure one of his bits, disposed of it to a well-known firm still in existence here, who sent the sample East. In a short time the firm had "Poloka's" bits on sale, selling them for \$5.00 each. Poloka was unable to converse in English, and made himself understood in native, in which language he was fairly well posted. Our family occupied the Pico premises at this time and we saw a good deal of him. At one time he lived on Kauai and brought his letters to our mother to read, she being a good French scholar. "Poloka" never had much of an education, and could not decipher a letter, although he was able to read print. He often told our mother he was at a loss to know how he could repay her kindness to him, saying on one occasion that if she had an enemy to let him know, and he would guarantee that in the future she would not be molested.

David N. Flitner was a successful business man in the early days of Honolulu. He conducted a jewelry business on Kaahumanu street at the site of T. H. Davies & Co.'s present location. His, I am under the impression, was the first large store of that description in Honolulu. It was a well conducted establishment and carried a fine stock of goods which were increased to meet the demands of Christmas and New Years. Later Mr. Flitner married Miss Jennie McIntyre, daughter of the late Pilot McIntyre.

"Kinney" Rawson owned and operated a watch-repairing establishment on Merchant street, about the locality where Harry Armitage is now located, and always had a few articles of jewelry on hand. Then he did most of the watch-repairing here. He was a good workman and gave universal satisfaction, and always told his patrons to "wind their watches every morning at 8 o'clock." He was a "Down Easter." His wife was a Spanish lady, and survived him many years.

CHAPTER V.

Pet Animals—"Old Andrews"—"Bennett's Own"—The "Cobbler"
—Social Life—"Brass Buttons" Not Liked—Picnic at Kaeo's
Falls—Fancy Dress Ball at British Commissioner's—Hono-
lulu Periodical Society—Marriage of Our Sister, etc., etc.

My brother Cecil and I had a pet dog we called "Tippo." We got him when a puppy, and he followed us everywhere. He became so attached to us that he was a nuisance—at least, so our friends thought. He would persist in going to church and Sunday School with us, and if we dodged him he would be sure to



ALICE VON HOLT-MACKINTOSH
(Died 1904, aged 64)

meet us there. Many a time we entered the sacred edifice confident that we were free from him, only to find him curled up in our pew. He was resting quietly in our pew one Sunday when something disturbed him and down the aisle he ran, barking vociferously. On one occasion, when Bishop Staley was ascending the altar steps he barked at him, and, I am sorry to say, to the amusement of some of the congregation. He was a most intelli-

gent animal, and knew the meal hours of all the members of the family. He made daily rounds to the different houses, reaching home in the afternoon at five o'clock, in time for dinner. On one occasion he appeared at Mrs. von Pfister's and our cousin Ida was seated on a sofa sewing and had a plate with a slice of cake near her. Tippto approached the plate and was told to keep away. This was near noon, and Ramsay von Pfister would soon be due at home for lunch. The dog was reclining near the sofa, to all intents and purposes fast asleep, when the noise of the gate opening aroused him. The dog was up in a moment, seized the cake in his mouth, and was out of the gate before it closed to. Soon after, we moved away to another house, and this proved to be the cause of the dog's taking off. Naturally he knew nothing of the change, and bothered the new tenants. He ate something there one day that did not agree with him, and he never recovered.

Our sister received a present of a saddle horse from Mr. R. Moffit, who at that time owned the Kahuku property on this island, where he conducted a stock ranch. He was very hospitable, and entertained lavishly at times. The horse in question received the name of "Aggamemnon," and I think was ridden by nearly every young lady in Honolulu, though at different times. Cecil and myself were allowed the privilege of caring for the animal. We took it to the stream near Alakoki and washed it. Many times I carried the brush and curry-comb while Cecil headed the procession holding a rope, with the horse tied on the other end of it.

"Old Andrews" (no disrespect intended) occupied a small cottage just opposite School street, on Nuuanu Avenue, now the Ewa extension of the former street. He had quite a respectable garden, at the back as well as the front of his lot, and sold flowers, bananas and other fruit. He was a shoe repairer, and seemed to be kept busy. Some of his time was spent in complaining to the heads of families about depredations committed on and about his premises. He was not particularly adverse to boys if they behaved, and would reward one who did him a favor. A couple of us would watch for him and then separate. Just as soon as he emerged from his yard one of us would sneak up and snatch his hat and run off with it. The other would immediately give chase, get the hat, and after making an attempt to administer a kick to the boy, restore to him his property. Ten cents would be forthcoming, then by prearrangement, we would meet on Maunakea street, get a big hunk of cake, and share a bottle of soda water or sarsaparilla. Cake made on Maunakea street frequently had a flavor as of musty eggs, but we did not mind that.

C. C. Bennett had an establishment on Fort street at the place where A. L. Smith later had his store, and now occupied by a trust company. He was paralyzed, and got around fairly well

with the aid of two canes. Cigars, tobacco, knickknacks and the like was his stock in trade, and he managed to eke out an existence. He launched into journalism at one time, and issued a weekly paper which he called "Bennett's Own." After several issues the publication met a violent death by reason of the entire form being "pi'd" as it was being put on to the press, and it was never again issued.

An Australian named John Thrupp appeared on the scene about this time. He was employed by the Honolulu Iron Works and later started in opposition to Bennett, next door below. He was quite an important being in his own estimation, had a stock identical to Bennett's, and in addition served oyster stews. The two establishments were not conducted on strictly business methods, and both were later closed up. Bennett moved to Maui, where he died, and the undertaker had business with Thrupp at Hilo, where he was gathered to his fathers after an attack of pneumonia.

William Bennett, an Englishman, and a cobbler by trade, had a shop on Nuuanu street above McLean's grocery store. In appearance he was a typical "John Bull," being almost as broad as he was long, and having the familiar facial expression depicted in the cartoons of that worthy. Here often of an evening would congregate several old characters of the town, with whom I was then familiar, but fail now to recall all the names; Alex Auld, Robt. Lett—another cobbler who had a shop on Hotel street, near Dr. Wood's premises, now Young Hotel—Geo. Lucas, Alex. Bolster, Jerry O'Neill, and Thos. Keegan, who kept the "Lighthouse," corner of Kukui Lane and Nuuanu street, met there to have a yarn with "old Bill Bennett." The latter was looked on as an authority in most matters, and, in addition to being egotistical, loved to hear the music of his own voice. He would allow a few boys to listen to the conversations, but if he thought the subject discussed was not a proper one for them to hear, he would send us home and admonish us to tell our parents where we had been. He never would allow us in his shop unless he was assured we had received permission to come. It was quite a privilege to go there of an evening and listen to the arguments pro and con on the issues of the times. There cabinets were made and unmade, the Crimean War fought over and over, the last sermon discussed, and in fact it was the court of last resort for all momentous questions, and from which, of course, "there was no appeal."

A Jamaica mulatto named Nicholson was a tailor and, had an establishment on Fort street, above McIntyre's grocery store. He was assisted in his shop by two sons. Many of the residents patronized his parlors, which were noted for their neatness. He did a good business, was a master of his trade, and earned the confidence of the community. He saved his money and eventually left here to spend the balance of his days at home.

C. P. Ward was one of the old kamaainas, and a prominent and successful merchant. He married the oldest daughter of Mr. James Robinson, another kamaaina, and prominent also in business here. Mr. Ward, in addition to his regular duties, maintained a few large and comfortable vehicles, which residents could always obtain on short notice. It was a great source of satisfaction to the latter that a comfortable clean conveyance could be obtained and at a reasonable charge.

Capt. Coffin was a retired whaling skipper, and owned a livery and sales stable on the mauka side of King street, near the present site of the Young Hotel. Saddle horses at any time could be procured, and he did a lucrative business with the whaling crews. Men-of-war's men, when on leave, would patronize his establishment and go racing through the streets and up and down the valley road. A few fatal accidents were the results of this popular though violent exercise, which the authorities finally had to stop, and the pleasure seekers were relegated to the Kulao-kahua Plains. Capt. Coffin was a familiar sight, and drove a pair of diminutive ponies in a good sized phaeton. Once, in descending a hill, it was noticed that the phaeton overtook the ponies, which caused quite a mixup. The harness he used was much too large, and he frequently had to get out and adjust parts of it. The phaeton had no pole and the ponies could easily exchange positions, which frequently happened. The boys bothered the old skipper at times. Later he provided himself with a whip bearing a long lash, which served as a preventative for further baiting.

Another old-timer was Jarey, whom we boys called "Jerry." He was identified with the family of the late H. E. McIntyre, Sr., and was a faithful old person. He would permit no foolishness, and many a "calling down" some of us received from him. On one occasion when we were living at "Sunnyslope" he passed our house on his way home. I was hiding and hailed him, not exposing myself to view. This occurred two or three times, and one day he met me in town and lectured me good and plenty, and after I told him "I would never do it any more," he released me, but kept his eyes busy until I was out of the range of his sight.

John Duke was another old person we knew. He was a friend of Jarey's, and I think lived in the neighborhood of the McIntyre home. He was then well advanced in years, and the boys enjoyed listening to his tales, of which he had many. One of his stories I think was made up to scare the youngsters. It was to the effect that an animal supposed to be half monkey and half man roamed over the hills across the river and on two or three occasions had come across and attacked people, injuring them severely.

Social life at Honolulu in early days had its interesting as

well as its ludicrous occurrences. The young people of those days would walk a long distance to attend a ball, dance all night and walk back in the early hours of the morning, minus shoes and stockings. Carriages then were at a premium, and very few conveyances there were for hire. It frequently happened that those living at a distance from the scene of festivity would be compelled to shed their finery, after waiting for the cab that never came. Among the early families were the McKibbins, Lucas, von Pfister, Dudoits, Browns, Cartwrights, Allens, Bates, Friels, Monsarrats, etc., etc. Some of the girls would meet at one another's home and pore over the latest fashion book. Another time they would adjourn to the kitchen and make molasses candy. We boys were privileged characters during those social gatherings. We were allowed to watch the stove and report if the molasses attempted to boil over. We were furnished with a greased rag to smear the containers, which were afterwards filled with candy. We were then given a fan each to keep the flies away and at the same time hasten the cooling process. It was then cut into pieces, removed and put into plates. What was left in the tins was ours(?)

Once during the season for ohias (mountain apples) we two boys needed a little money, so stole away from the family circle, went into Rooke's Valley, procured some of the fruit, and on the way back sold them at the different houses. Alas! it was not a paying venture, as we were compelled by our parents to refund the money. For the next couple of times I took my meals standing.

The young men of Honolulu at that period did not take at all kindly to conditions which prevailed when a man-of-war was in port. Picnics, dances, receptions and the like would be the order of the day, and it was invariably the case that our town boys would be utterly ignored. "Brass buttons" took the whole cake and left no crumbs. As was very often the case, English naval officers had the entree here, from the fact that their vessels were more frequent visitors than those of other nationalities.

Occasionally the King would give a ball. On one of these occasions there were in port two English, one French, one Russian and one American vessel. The officers outnumbered the Honolulu boys, of course, which caused the latter many pangs of sorrow as well as of hunger. The royal caterer failed to provide enough for all, and the boys were magnanimous enough to keep away from the supper table. This to their credit!

During these times several factions were included in Honolulu's make-up. English and Americans were well to the fore, with the preponderance in favor of the former. Socially and politically each was arrayed against the other; the Americans quiet, but confident, the English watchful but aggressive.

The market in those days was on the waterfront, and thither the heads of families proceeded for their daily supplies. The

dairy wagon was then unknown, and milk was sold there in bottles, and also peddled by natives in like containers.

At this period the natives had their kuleanas (homesteads) with space enough to warrant the raising of taro, poultry, etc. Vegetables could always be obtained at this market from the natives, who then controlled the business. Irish potatoes were extensively raised on Maui and Hawaii and could always be had in Honolulu. Many of the natives had horses which they hired out and from which a revenue was obtained. Manienie grass was raised and peddled. Bethel and King streets was the market for this commodity. The grass was made into bundles and brought into town suspended on each end of a pole resting on the shoulders of the vendors. Twenty-five cents a bundle was charged, which, in addition to the other revenues, was a great help to the small farmers. Taro patches then were numerous, and wherever a white flag was displayed there poi could be obtained, as well as at the market, where the natives had it on sale all the week. As time elapsed the natives became tired and were careless. One by one they mortgaged their holdings and, unable to pay the interest and principal of the debt, they lost all. Exorbitant rates of interest were levied by those who made a business of advancing money to the natives.

A favorite place where picnics were held was Kaeo's Falls, in Nuuanu Valley (Luakaha). A comfortable house was on the premises, and belonged to one of the chiefs, who rented it at times to anyone who desired a change from town. It was here that Robert Janion, an early resident and merchant, lost his life. He took a plunge under the falls too soon after a hearty meal; the result was that congestion intervened, and he was taken from the water dead. I recall a picnic held there in early days, when Cecil and I were boys. The eventful day at last dawned, and early morn saw many moving in that direction. The affair was given by the residents to celebrate an anniversary, and everybody had a good time. I recall the names of many of the guests. The three Misses McKibbin, Anna, Mary and Jennie with their brothers Robert and Alexander, father and mother, John Montgomery and his two maiden sisters, Essie and Alice, the Brown family, Mrs. von Pfister and two children, Ida and Ramsay, Capt. and Mrs. Luce and family, Mary, Seaborn, Winnie, Alice, Florence and Harry, Father Damon and family, the two Cartwright families, Judd family, Carter family, Newton Ladd and family, two families of McIntyre, the Bates, Dudley, Lucilla, Mary, Morris and Marshall, and in fact everyone who could get there, graced the occasion with his or her presence. It transpired that when anyone lingered for a time at a certain part of the grounds he or she became deathly sick; no one knew the cause until a gentleman who had lived in South America revealed it. At the makai corner of the house was

a very tall tree, covered with spikes' and thorns, which proved to be the deadly upas, a native of South America. How the tree got there and was planted is not known. It was afterwards cut down and fed to the flames.

One of the young ladies appeared in a very sensible picnic costume—a suit with bloomers. This make-up did not meet the approbation of a few of the older guests. Nevertheless the young lady was heartily complimented on her appearance. She was from Kauai, and at that time was considered the prettiest girl on the islands.

Among the guests at this gathering was a widow lady, Mrs. Abbott, who later married William (Muckle) Webster, then chief of the Bureau of Public Works, during the reign of Kamehameha IV. It was a genuine love match, and the wedding was a great social event, the King attending the ceremony, and at the reception which followed, offering his congratulations. In less than a month's time the community was shocked to learn that Mr. Webster had been found dead in his office, having succumbed to aneurism.

One of the best entertainments at this time was a children's fancy-dress ball, given at the house of W. W. F. Synge, the British Commissioner and Consul-General in the early sixties. Some time was consumed in the preparation of the costumes, and about thirty-five couples took part. The grand march was headed by four of the Macfarlane children, Ned, Fred, Clarence and Blanche, representing the Ace, King, Queen and Jack of Hearts. They wore gorgeous costumes, and I think took first prize. Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were portrayed by Cecil and myself. The regulation suits of fur were in evidence, with the parrot sitting on Crusoe's shoulder, and with Friday carrying his bow and arrow. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were well portrayed, as were many historical and other characters. Many photographs were taken and a few are still in existence.

When as a midshipman Lord Charles Beresford visited Honolulu on the frigate Olio he, with other officers, were entertained one evening by a prominent family here, and during that event several of Honolulu's young men appeared and challenged the Britishers to come out and battle. The would-be scrappers were waited on by one of the officers, and told they would be happy to accommodate them after the entertainment, and suggested that as the next night would see them on shore again, a contest could be pulled off; Emma Square was the place of meeting selected. But the affair did not materialize. Influence was brought to bear, and the Honolulu boys did not appear at the appointed place. It was this episode that led up to the escapade of the taking down of a few signs, including the eagle over the entrance to the American

Minister's premises. The young Britishers came on shore, and not finding anyone at the appointed place, started off "on a bit of a lark." The American Minister's sign was the first one to be taken, and then the boys started down Fort street. They commandeered a hand-cart, and by the time the wharf was reached they had an accumulation of signs, which they took off to the man-of-war. The American Eagle sign was hung over the stern of the "Clio," and a large gilded boot taken from John Wood's shoe store was hoisted to the top of the mainmast, and the others were piled up on the main deck. This occasioned considerable excitement and adverse comment, and threats of violence on the perpetrators given should they come ashore again. However, good counsel prevailed; the signs were restored, apologies made, and "international complications" averted. Quite a crowd assembled to see the midshipmen restore the Eagle to the entrance of the American Legation, and a photograph of it was taken, which later was reproduced in Harper's Weekly, New York.

Captain Hanham visited Honolulu in his yacht "Themis," and quite a furore was created by his escapades while here, one of which will be interesting. Capt. Hanham was being entertained one evening by the King, and among the guests were Dr. Hutchinson, Minister of the Interior, the other members of the Cabinet, David Kalakaua, then Vice Chamberlain, John O. Dominis, A. S. Cleghorn and others. Wine flowed liberally at this banquet, and the company became hilarious. Among the attendants was a very handsome young woman, who was greatly admired by Captain Hanham, and some one suggested to the Captain that a cruise in the yacht might please the young woman. It was passed off as a joke by Hanham, but nevertheless, Dr. Hutchinson, who evidently had been listening to the conversation, said such action would never be allowed, and threatened dire results should such a thing happen. Kalakaua and someone else got their heads together and suggested to Capt. Hanham that it would be a good joke to play on the authorities, and a programme was arranged. The yacht was to leave the harbor early next morning, and would be met between the bell buoy and Diamond Head by a whale boat having on board the young woman and an attendant. Early the next morning the "Themis" put to sea, and found the boat off Waikiki, which had started from the Governor's boat house at Kakaako, and the young woman with her attendant were transferred to the yacht. After the boat returned to Honolulu the whole matter was brought to the attention of the authorities with the result that the tug "Pele" was commissioned to capture the yacht, and sent in pursuit with Marshal Parke and an armed boat's crew, a gun and ammunition was placed on board and Alexander McDuff taken as gunner. Captain Jacob Brown was at that time master

of the "Pele" and with Marshal Parke as next in command "bossed the job," and away they steamed in the wake of the yacht, which was overhauled in the early afternoon, becalmed in midchannel between Koko Head and Molokai. The yacht was hailed by Marshal Parke, who was informed by the officer on duty that he had orders to allow no one on board. At this juncture Capt. Hanham came on deck, and took in the situation at a glance. The authorities on shore had failed to place any provisions on board the Pele, and Capt. Hanham was informed that they were hungry—had had no lunch. The Captain sent a boat with a leg of ham, a case of beer and some bread, with other eatables. The commanders of the Pele evidently thought discretion was the better part of valor, and simply made a request for the persons of the two passengers, knowing that the "Themis" was well armed and had a formidable and well-drilled crew. Capt. Hanham refused to give up his passengers, and informed Marshal Parke that he would eventually go to Hilo, and the Pele returned to Honolulu. Capt. Hanham had promised to go to Kahului, get Rev. George Mason of the Episcopal Church and land him at Lahaina, which he did, and then squared away for Hilo. The Pele having failed to return with the two Hawaiians, the armament was transferred to the schooner "Nettie Merrill" under the command of Capt. Cluney, and in addition to the armed boats' crew from the Pele a company of soldiers armed to the teeth accompanied the expedition, and they squared away for Hilo, where the "Nettie" arrived ahead of the Themis. Capt. Hanham reached the offing of Hilo the next morning, and asked the pilot who boarded him what vessel that was at anchor. The "Nettie" was flying the American flag, and Capt. Hanham was informed it was a craft just in from San Francisco, but the yachtsman knew better and told the pilot it was the "Nettie Merrill" and that he would not need his (the pilot's) services. The "Nettie" was then seen to be getting under weigh, and the "Themis" clapped on all sail and by dark had outfooted the crack little coaster, which followed the bold yachtsman for some time. About a week after leaving Hilo the "Themis" returned to Oahu and landed the "fugitives" at Waialua. He sent them ashore with valuable presents and they testified to having had the time of their lives, and were loud in the praise of their treatment by Captain Hanham and his wife.

The "Honolulu Periodical Society" was instituted by our father, and represented about a dozen members banded together as a reading club. A number of the then leading publications were subscribed for, and each member was allowed so many days in which to read each one, then he passed it to his neighbor next on the list, and so on until all the members had read them all, when, having no further use for them, they were sent to the Queen's

Hospital. This society was in existence for nearly thirty years, then died a natural death.

(It is necessary here to divert a little from the subject, but the reader will soon get the connection.)

The writer early developed an impediment or stoppage of speech, which some said was the result of nervousness. However that may be it nevertheless caused me many a pang. It got to be so bad that at school a slate and pencil were necessary to write my answers during recitations. It was agony for me then to be among grown people, or in fact in the presence of anyone whom I thought would put questions to me. Many a time I absented myself from the home circle for that very reason, and as a result received a scolding or was sent to bed earlier than my allotted time for retiring. My hesitation in speech seemed to amuse some of my companions, who often imitated me, and a few developed the "malady" by so doing. I recall being sent to deliver books for the Honolulu Periodical Society on one occasion, and was told to be sure to see that Capt. Reynold's book was delivered to him in person. Capt. and Mrs. Reynolds (U. S. Navy) were friends of ours, and lived opposite the property of Mrs. Monsarrat, on Union Street, in a two-story coral building which is still standing, and at present owned by the Roman Catholic Mission. With the book in my possession I cautiously entered the gate and, seeing no one placed the magazine on the front steps. It later came out that Capt. and Mrs. Reynolds were away from home on that day. In a short time rain came down in torrents, and the book was ruined. Capt. Reynolds (later promoted to Admiral, U. S. Navy) was fond of young people, and often joked with them. I imagined he would chide me about the ruined publication, so avoided him by every possible means. I was not successful every time and his question, "How about that book?" which was hurled at me more than once, it is needless to say, has never been answered. Is it a fact that events long forgotten are brought back to us through some hidden agency? We dream of the dead as well as the living; death calls us and our bodies are laid away or cremated. Is that the end, or is there a life beyond? Do we exist in a different form? I have dreamed of the dead, and matters long out of memory have been brought vividly back to me. Others have told me of like experiences. Who can explain it?

July 31, Hawaiian Independence Day, was fittingly celebrated each year. Admiral Thomas was England's representative who restored these islands to independence after Lord George Paulet had seized them in satisfaction of "claims" presented by an Englishman named Charlton. I remember a celebration in Nuuanu Valley on one of the above mentioned dates at a place below Queen Emma's property, then owned by Thos. Cummings and now by Mr. and Mrs. Sherman. A grand luau was given for

Hawaiians in a lanai which had been put up below the frame cottage which then occupied the site where the Sherman home is now standing. An elaborate lunch was spread in the cottage for the white residents and their friends. It was estimated at the time that 3,000 people enjoyed the hospitality of the committee of arrangements. There was an oration delivered in Hawaiian which was translated by William P. Ragsdale. Singing and music followed, with foot races injected into the festivities, for which prizes were awarded. We youngsters had a good time of course, and got our share of the good things. The next day my brother Cecil, the Bates boys and myself paid a visit to the scene, naturally thinking that some good things to eat would be left over. The view between the cottage and the road was at that time unobstructed, and as we entered the gate, those who were in the front room saw us, for we noticed quite a commotion there. We were met at the front door by someone who asked us what we wanted. On a table at one end of the room were dishes heaped with sandwiches, cake, chicken, etc., etc. In the center of the room was a round table, at which four or five were seated, playing cards, and a few piles of gold coin were in evidence on the table. I recognized D. C. Waterman, Henry Prendergast, Mr. Clifford, Jake Hiller, and a whaling skipper named Long, seated at the table. Each of us boys was given a generous supply of sandwiches, with a large hunk of cake. We were invited to call again, and admonished to mention nothing that we had seen.

Henry Schriever owned or held under lease the property now occupied by the Country Club, also most of the land in that vicinity bordering the Nuuanu Road, as also Rooke's Valley, ewa of Nuuanu, and conducted a small dairy. He was among the first here to sell and deliver milk, but did not go into the business extensively, just having a few special customers. Two sons assisted him in working the place. He was a German, and a noted character of his time. Some of his cows would be missing at times, and the old fellow would go out carrying a spy glass and stock whip. The former he would use to identify his animals from a distance, which he could accomplish. The late John H. Wood had a dairy on the opposite side of the valley, and at times the cattle from both places would stray and mingle each with the other. Schriever boasted that with the aid of his glass he could recognize his cattle, no matter how far away they were. Later Mr. Wood closed out his dairy and started a sugar plantation at this same place, and where the Dowsett tract is at present located. Owing to the nature of the land, the sugar venture was not a success, and it was given up. Mr. Wood then embarked in the boot and shoe business in Honolulu, and became one of Honolulu's foremost merchants.

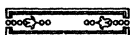
The old government house, at the head of Kaahumanu street, on Merchant street, which has just been demolished, was a favorite rendezvous for the boys of the town, and many a time were we driven away. A high tower with a signal station, occupied one side of the building, and from this place the community was advised of the approach of vessels, by aid of signals. The Ewa side of the building was utilized for the post-office and the other side by Whitney's book store and news emporium, while the upper floor was used for offices. Mails were brought ashore then by the pilot boat and carried to the post-office by hand carts, of which a number for hire could always be found in the vicinity. One hand cart would be large enough to hold the mail ordinarily, but if two carts had to be used, it was considered quite an event, and indeed on several occasions editorial comment on the arrival of a heavy mail appeared in the newspapers.

There were very few trees in Honolulu then, and the view to the waterfront was unobstructed. Whenever a mail arrived a large red flag with the letters "M. A.", was hoisted, announcing the fact, and a blue flag, bearing the letters "M. L.", reminded one of an outgoing mail.

The old station house on King street, which was destroyed by fire, was one of the old landmarks, and its bell in the tower nightly proclaimed the hour when all law-abiding people were supposed to go home. John Brash, an old kamaaina, wrote a poem on "The Old Station House Bell," which was published about that time, and was favorably commented on. John Brash was a compositor and a good writer as well as a poet, and a member of one of the old kamaaina families here. W. G. Brash is one of the surviving members of that family, and well-known in business circles.

On the 15th of October, 1862, our sister was married to Mr. Hermann von Holt, of the firm of von Holt & Heuck. Mr. von Holt was accredited to the Hawaiian Government as Royal Hanoverian Consul, and was a member of the Consular Corps up to the time of his death, which occurred several years after his marriage. Left with three young children, our sister was domiciled with us once more, and the children grew up among us, a source of pleasure to all. Harry, Marie and Bertha, as children, were the embodiment of fun and mischief. Harry was a great mimic, and would imitate his uncles in all conceivable ways. His favorite pastime was rolling a piece of paper *a la* cigarette, and he was caught one day at the wood pile instructing his two sisters how to smoke. During these smoking seances he acquired the habit of expectorating quite freely and, on being reproved, electrified his grandmother by the retort, "When I smokes I spits." Bertha sat next to me at meals, in her high chair, and sometimes

resented my attentions at table. On one occasion, unable to bear teasing any longer, she dropped her spoon, folded her hands, and offered up this appeal to Heaven, "God please make dead Mally." Before resuming her meal she turned to me with the exclamation, "Ha ha, Mr. Mally!"



CHAPTER VI.

New Town Hall—Mossman's Corner—Select Entertainment—Court House Ball—Musical Society—Fort Street Church—Punahou Commencements—Rev. Father Damon—School Life at Punahou—Sam Parker and Mana—The Wilcox and Johnson Families, etc., etc.

A two-story stone building was erected on the corner of King and Nuuanu streets, which is still standing. The ground floor was utilized as a crockery store by Mossman & Son. Kamaainas will remember it as the one place where, in case of breakage, they could match to a nicety the cup, plate or any article that had been put out of commission. Over this store was a large hall with ante-rooms, which occupied the entire space. An entertainment was given here one evening, consisting of recitations, music and tableaux. An admission fee was exacted to meet the expense of lighting, hall rent, etc. The entertainment was successful and netted a neat little sum for some worthy object. One of the tableaux was well rendered. The foundation was the poem "Abou Ben Adhem", and the setting was beautifully shown. The presence of an angel was well portrayed, sitting at a table with a large volume and pen in hand. On a lounge near by a figure supposed to represent Abou Ben Adhem in a posture as if about to rise, was in evidence. The lights were so arranged that the rays brought out the figure of the angel in fine relief, while the object on the lounge was equally as well favored. Miss Mary Luce, I think, took the part of the angel. Hers was a magnificent costume, and the wings were simply perfection. I cannot recall who took the part of "Abou". At the back and out of sight of the audience, Henry A. P. Carter recited the poem in a masterly style. To appreciate this tableaux one should be familiar with

the verses. During the recital the curtain was raised and dropped three or four times, and notwithstanding the poem is quite lengthy, the participants did not move or appear to be the least bit nervous. These entertainments generally closed with a dance, and there was always someone present who kindly officiated at the piano, either Dr. Hoffman or our dear mother.

Some time after this a fancy dress ball was given by the residents upstairs in the old Hackfeld building, then occupied by the government offices, and supreme court. This proved to be an enjoyable and successful affair. The best sustained character was by my uncle, the late Chas. F. Hart, who represented a "dandy negro". So well did he personate the character both in looks and action, that he was refused admission. So persistent, however, was he that they were on the point of having him removed, when he made himself known, was admitted, and awarded the first prize.

Honolulu was a musical community and could boast of a number of excellent artists, both vocal and instrumental. The opera of "Martha" was produced at the old Royal Hawaiian Theater, at the site where the Masonic Temple now stands. Old kamaainas will remember what a fine musician Dr. Hoffman was. It was under his direction that the opera was produced, and after months of practice and rehearsal it was given to our music-loving people in a manner, it was said, nearly equal to that of any set of professional artists. The cast was wholly made up among the young people of Honolulu. The characters were taken by the Misses McKibbin, Alice Brown, Ida von Pfister, Miss N. Paty (Mrs. Mott-Smith) and the Misses Dudoit. Among the gentlemen, Mr. F. A. Schaefer, Conrad Glade and in fact anyone who had a voice was drilled up to a state of proficiency. For the first performance the house was packed, as also during the two subsequent renditions.

BETHEL, FORT STREET, AND EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

Fort street church was the scene of many a brilliant concert. At that time this building was the only available place to bring off these entertainments, and many a vote of thanks the trustees got. Old residents will remember the rich contralto voice of Mrs. Dr. Robinson, the sweet-voiced Holden girls and scores of others who could always be counted on to lend their aid for worthy objects and sweet charity. The setting of the interior on these occasions was very pretty. A platform was constructed around the pulpit, and decorated with a profusion of beautiful flowers. Here also the commencement exercises of Punahou were held each year. I recall the marriage of Miss Mary Cartwright to Lieut. Murray of the U. S. Navy. The Cartwrights lived just opposite the church. The bridal party walked from the house to

the church over a carpet laid from the steps of the Cartwright home, across the street and up to the inner doors of the edifice.

Besides the Fort street church, we had the Seaman's Chapel, presided over by Rev. Father Damon, one of Honolulu's pioneer ministers. Many of the foreign residents, our family included, worshipped at this shrine. The King, Kamehameha IV., had been in communication with the S. P. G. in London (The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) looking to the establishment of an English Mission here. Finally it was learned that his efforts had been successful and a mission had been organized, a Bishop consecrated and about to start for the new field. Those of the Episcopal faith on severing their connection with the Bethel Church, presented Rev. Mr. Damon with a handsome silver salver, immediately after the service on one Sunday; the presentation was made by the late R. C. Wyllie and Miss Mary Luce, which was responded to by Dr. Damon in a neat and feeling acknowledgment.

In due time the mission arrived, only to learn to their dismay that the young prince was dead. The pioneers of this mission were Bishop Staley and family, Rev. Geo. Mason with his family, and Rev. E. Ibbotson. The Reformed Catholic Church of Hawaii was the name under which it was incorporated. It was of the High Church Order, and the services differed little from those of the Roman Catholics. The building first used for services stood at the corner of Nuuanu and Kukui streets, which was rented from Mr. John T. Waterhouse, the founder of that well known family here. It was from this church that King Kamehameha IV. was buried, soon after the arrival of the mission. On this occasion the pews in the church were removed and a catafalque erected in the center, on which the casket rested. Cecil had the post of honor in the procession, marching at the head of the hearse, holding a handsome gold cross, followed by the Bishop, clergy and choristers. The mission had acquired the property at Emma Square by gift from Kamehameha IV, where a cathedral has been erected. The American Episcopal Church succeeded to the field some time ago, and now has missions established all over the islands. Bishop Restarick is in charge, and is ably assisted by Canon Ault and others in the good work.

SCHOOL DAYS AT PUNAHOU.

Good old school days at Punahou! Differences would arise during recitation hours, between the boys, and an intimation of trouble would be a note thrown at one of us, "You wait until after school." As soon as we were well away from the College a ring would be formed, and the two concerned would prepare for combat, face each other, and go at it hammer and tongs. Cecil and Fred Wundenberg many a time had a mix-up. Both of them

thought a good deal of the same girl. At that time some of us rode to school every day, and Cecil, having the fastest horse, was usually first on hand, and invariably escorted the young lady to and from school. Cecil was quick and agile as a kitten, but did not come off scot free all the time. I generally got the worst of it when in a tussle, but was fleet of foot, and thus escaped much punishment. On one occasion, however, I did win, and was the lion of the hour. Alex. Cartwright and Albert Smith met one afternoon, and pulled off a very respectable contest, which ended as usual in a shaking of hands. And so it went; we fought, ducked each other in the bathing pool, did all manner of mean things, and always were good friends afterwards. The Cartwrights, Bruce and Alex., had a large Newfoundland dog, which answered to the name of "Dash." He was a magnificent fellow and had immense feet. Our little back dog had a great dislike for "Dash," and would sneak up behind him, fasten to his tail, and cling as long as his strength would last, then seek safety in flight.

There were two factions at Punahou—the town boys and those affiliated with the American Mission. There was considerable "baiting" of the "missionaries" by the town boys at College. The Cooks, Joe, Charles, Clarence and Frank, with the Castles, Alfred, William, James and George, would be able to see any bluff and go better. So also the Wilcoxes, Johnsons, and Smiths, took part in these affairs. However, both factions made good as, re records will bear out.

The descendants today of that noble band who "blazed the trail" can look back with pride on that stable monument erected by their forefathers—a beacon light for the guidance of man and womankind; that luminous orb of the constellation and of the first magnitude.

The lady teachers at Punahou then had much to contend with. Miss Hattie Coan and Miss Emma Smith no doubt had their patience sorely tried on many occasions; and who would not, with a mob of wild boys to control? Miss Smith (now Mrs. B. F. Dillingham) composed a poem at the close of one school year, in which many of the scholars were referred to, whose given names were synonymous with those who had made their marks in history. It was a fine production, and at the time was published in one of the local papers. Everyone will remember Prof. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Church and others. Professor Church had an "emergency" room, the key of which he usually carried with him. Here some of the boys would go (on invitation) and be shown the contents of that secret chamber. It contained a few old globes and maps, old pieces of lumber, and at the further end were the ruins of a book case, on top of which were secreted a couple of rawhide whips. While the subject was waiting, he would select

one of the two, exercise for a spell with it, then dismiss the culprit. Among the scholars, I recall the Misses Pogue, Jennie and Lizzie, Miss Hattie Ellis, Miss Emma Lyman, Miss Sarah Brown and her brother Jacob, Miss Sophia Emerson and Tom Snow. Alfred and Harry Caldwell, sons of the then American Consul at Honolulu, also attended Punahou. Harry was always to the fore when there was any fun on the tapis. Alfred was very studious, and I recall two orations of his for which he was highly complimented, "American Eloquence," and "Nature Contrasted with Art," were the two productions, both of which were favorably commented on by the newspapers. Charles Soule will be remembered by old Punahou scholars. He was the son of Capt. Soule—a whaling skipper of the early days. Charles was quite popular and a general favorite among the boys, as well as with the gentler sex. The Metcalfs, Emma, Helen, Julia and Frank, also attended Punahou. Mrs. Nakuina (Emma) is the only surviving member of that family. On matters historical she is an authority, and is one of the most intelligent Hawaiian ladies living.

Quite a number of the Punahou scholars hailed from Maui, and a prominent family residing there were the Richardsons, George, John, Mary Ellen, Dorcas and Fanny were the children who attended Punahou. The latter, Mrs Edmund Norrie, is the sole surviving member of the five. George and John held responsible positions under the monarchy. Mary Ellen married the late James Gay and a family of grownups now survive. Among the latter is Freida, who entered the wellknown Convent of Notre Dame at San Jose, Cal., took holy orders, and later the black veil, assuming the name of Sister Carmella.

John Poli, David Malo and Enoch Kalauao were Punahou students also. The former was a born orator, and when speaking held his auditors spellbound. He was very graceful when in action and was eagerly listened to. David Malo and Enoch Kalauao were likewise eloquent, and the trio later took up law as a profession, and were successful in their chosen calling.

We always looked forward to the long vacation. Sam Parker always took a few of us to Waimea and Mana, where we were treated right royally. We lived on the fat of the land, and had horses at our disposal always. The sport which appealed to our fancy was the cattle drives. Starting out the night before we would gauge our arrival at a certain place just before daylight. In the still of the early morning, and some time before they came into view, we could hear the hoof beats of the cattle as they approached the corral, and into which they rushed pellmell. Some of the corrals were large and held thousands of head. The unbranded ones would be separated from the herd and the hot

iron applied to them. Others would be driven down to the landing and shipped off to Honolulu for the butchers to deal with. Waimea was the place where we could eat, and we were always hungry. The ideal place was the ranch house at Mana, about seven miles from Waimea. On the journey up we passed through herd after herd of sleek, fat cattle, and of course would stop at old Harry Purdy's on the way, for a bowl of refreshing milk, or mountain dew, called "okolehao," of which old Harry always kept a supply for his friends. In later years Purdy got his liquors from Honolulu, and was rendered a bill every three months by a well-known firm. The old man could neither read nor write, and at times became suspicious that he was being charged with goods he had never received. He went to Honolulu at one time and disputed the bills with the firm. The merchant informed him that there could be no mistake, as their books were kept by double entry. The old man retaliated by saying he thought it a great deal of presumption on the part of the firm to charge him twice for goods and then tell him of it!

An old timer of Waimea was Frank Spencer, whom the natives called "Pakana." He was good company, and could tell a very good story; he was a good entertainer and had a host of friends. He conducted a small farming business, and held two or three government appointments.

Among those who came to the islands in early days and settled, no better men existed than George Holmes and James Woods. As young men they came here from England, arriving in the early sixties. They both embarked in the business of stock raising and the manufacture of sugar on Hawaii. That they were successful is a well-known fact. Their children and grandchildren have inherited the sterling qualities of their progenitors, and are a living evidence that "chips from the old block" do exist, and are capable of following the dictates of a good conscience and paving the way for an honorable career.

WILLIAM L. GREEN.

William L. Green was another of the sturdy history-making pioneers of Hawaii, and came here in 1849. As managing partner of the well-known firm of Janion, Green & Co., he soon came into prominence, and was to the fore in promoting and establishing many of the industries now followed here. Among his enterprises the Honolulu Iron Works figured, also the cultivation of sugar cane. Kaalaea, on this island, I think was his initial venture in this line. To his energy is due the starting of ship-building and the keel of one of the first steamers was laid under his direction at the establishment of the Foster Brothers. In due time the vessel was launched, and received the name of "Annie Laurie",

Miss Jennie McKibbin, now Mrs. Mist, sister-in-law to Mr. Green, acting as sponsor. Mr. Green held many responsible positions under the different regimes here, and was a trusted friend and adviser of the monarchs who reigned during the period of his life on these islands.

CAPT. JACOB BROWN.

Captain Jacob Brown was master of the government steamer "Pele". She was among the first craft built here, and was utilized for towing vessels in and out of the harbor. Prior to the launching of this vessel primitive power was used to bring the craft through the passage to an anchorage; a rope of great length was used, and it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight to see yokes of oxen, teams of horses and natives tugging at the rope. A time was consumed in making a start, but when once in motion, it was a steady walk-away.

Capt. Brown was a pioneer of Honolulu and a respected officer of the Hawaiian government for years. He was married and raised an interesting family. Two sons survive him: Jacob F. and Arthur M. Brown, both prominent and respected members of the community, also a daughter, Mrs. Joe Gilman.

HON. F. A. SCHAEFER.

Very few of our pioneer merchants survive at the present time, and it is a pleasure to note that one, after a residence here of sixty years, is still prominent in commercial life. Mr. F. A. Schaefer came to Honolulu in 1857 to take a position with Melchers & Co., one of Honolulu's then leading firms, and later reorganized the establishment under the firm name of F. A. Schaefer & Co. Many consular appointments were filled by Mr. Schaefer, and under the monarchy he was dean of that corps and was always considered an authority on questions consular and diplomatic. He has won the respect and confidence of the community by his integrity and personal worth. His Advice was often sought and highly appreciated by many. During early days here Mr. Schaefer took a prominent part in matters social and was a valued friend of each reigning family. He married the oldest daughter of the late first associate of the Supreme Court, Justice Robertson, and they are domiciled in a beautiful home in Nuuanu Valley, where in the immediate neighborhood reside their children and grandchildren. This was the former home of R. C. Wyllie, former Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Hawaiian monarchy under Kamehameha IV., and familiarly known as "Rosebank."

MRS. ROBERTSON AND MRS. MONSARRAT

Mrs. Robertson, widow of First Associate Justice G. M.

Robertson, of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, and Mrs. Monsarrat, widow of a former pioneer merchant, who were prominent leaders of society in Honolulu years ago, are still honored and loved by a large concourse of friends. From the confines of a small village of thatched cottages they have witnessed Honolulu assume its place as one of the important commercial centres of the broad Pacific. Their combined ages represent a total of one hundred and seventy years, and during their long residence here many notable changes they have witnessed, political as well as social. Prominent in good work, sweet charity was the watchword of their efforts, and many lives have been comforted by their kindly ministrations. It is seldom that we are privileged to meet people of advanced age whose minds are as bright as those of these two venerable ladies. Episodes which transpired during their early life are to this day as clear to them, though the occurrences were only of yesterday. Children, grandchildren and great grand children are the companions of their declining years.

CAPTAIN JAMES MAKEE.

Captain James Makee was one of Hawaii's pioneer planters and successfully conducted a plantation on the island of Maui. "Ulupalakua the Beautiful" it certainly was, and here was a lovely home, presided over by his good wife and family of sons and daughters. Magnificent gardens with rare plants and exotics were laid out which became famous. Many of the choice roses now in evidence here were introduced by Captain Makee. As entertainers the young ladies of the house were par excellence, and in addition to the mansion on Maui, a town house in Honolulu was the scene of brilliant gatherings, where many people of note were entertained. Many descendants of the captain survive, and are prominent in business and social circles within the Territory.

J. I. AND S. H. DOWSETT.

The brothers Dowsett, James I., and S. H., were prominent here in early days, and were associated together in the lumber business. Samuel H. Dowsett died while on a visit to California, where he had gone for a rest, and succumbed to heart trouble suddenly. He married Miss Mary McKibbin, and left a young son and daughter. James I. Dowsett continued the business and became prominent in commercial life here. In addition to his interests in Honolulu he was interested in the District of Ewa on this island, in the live stock industry, and built up a profitable business. James I. Dowsett married Miss Ragsdale, and his children and grandchildren are prominent in business and social circles here. "Jack" Dowsett, son of Samuel H. Dowsett, is a prominent merchant as well as a financial agent and sugar factor. The late

H. A. Widemann, his father-in-law, was interested in the Waianae Plantation on this island. Mr. Dowsett has taken over the business of the plantation in addition to many enterprises in which his late father-in-law was the trusted agent.

I made a few visits during school vacations at the home of Henry Johnson at Waioli, Kauai. Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, parents of Geo. N. Albert S., S. W., Henry and Luther, lived next to the Johnsons. I think the two older Wilcoxes (G. N. and A. S.) then were away at school, but Luther and Sam attended Punahou when we did. There never existed more hospitable and generous people than these two good Kauai families. When visiting their homes we were made to feel as part of the family. Words fail to express the kindness shown to all who were fortunate enough to be domiciled with them. The surviving members of the Wilcox family still reside on Kauai. Messrs. Geo. N., Albert S., and S. W. Wilcox have made their mark and are to the fore in the work of uplifting their fellow men. Henry Johnson is now located in Southern California, engaged in farming. Dr. J. W. Smith and family lived at Koloa, and were among the early Kauai pioneers. Dr. and Mrs. Smith were a good, whole-souled couple, and had a large and interesting family. The old homestead at Koloa never had its doors closed. All were welcome and during school vacations many of us received the hospitality of these worthy people. William O., one of the surviving members of this family, is still with us, hale and hearty; is conspicuous in business here, and is also the head of a prominent legal firm. I recall a little difference of opinion with him during a recess hour at Punahou, and I was fleet of foot enough to escape, although the dust on the toe of one of his shoes was obliterated by my coattails.

The Rev. D. Dole was also a pioneer of Kauai. Judge Dole, a surviving member of that family, is so well known in every walk of life that comment is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that he is hale and hearty and a worthy example for old and young to follow.

Our sister married Rev. Alexander Mackintosh in 1873, a well known and popular clergyman of the Anglican Church. He was also principal of the Royal School for many years, and an old kamaaina. Three sons were born to them, Alexander, Aeneas and Arthur. The former died when quite young. Aeneas took holy orders, and now has a living in England. Arthur is residing in Honolulu, and engaged in commercial pursuits. Our good sister passed away very suddenly in Dresden, Germany, while on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Glade. A magnificent tower to her memory has been erected in the cathedral grounds in Honolulu, as well as a beautiful testimonial within the body of the church.

CHAPTER VII.

A Miniature Sugar Factory—An English Mission School—Impromptu Concerts—Lee's Circus Arrives—Clarence Macfarlane and the Trick Pony—Minstrel Troupe Arrives—Military Company, etc., etc.

We boys fraternized with our neighbors' children (the Waterhouses), on Nuuanu Avenue, Nellie, John, Henry and William. I recall a miniature sugar factory of William's, consisting of three wooden rollers, worked by a large crank, and an open train of three kettles (saucepans minus the handles, secured in a bed of masonry—mud), fireplace underneath and quite a respectable smokestack at the end. This was his own make up and actually turned out a very good article of sugar, though sun-dried. Two small coolers answered the purpose for drying. I know we had no vacuum pan, but nevertheless, grains were visible throughout this production.

I was invariably utilized as a medium to carry parcels to the different members of the family, and was on one occasion given a package (probably not very well secured) with instructions to deliver same to Aunt Susie, who lived near us. Well, soon after I left the house the rain came down in torrents. It happened that one of our neighbors came in for shelter, and the remark was made that I was seen standing under a tree with a very peculiar white object carelessly thrown over my shoulders. On my return home I was questioned, as to what—but never mind! Probably it was seen to thereafter that all packages entrusted to my care were securely tied.

On one occasion Willie Waterhouse and I were engaged in some mischief or other when the door of our house was opened and sister Lilly appeared. I simply evaporated—how I got there I don't know. Willie was more brave. Getting behind a tree he shook his fist at my sister, saying, "I am not afraid of you, Miss Alice Brown."

E. H. BOYD.

About the middle sixties we had a friend, and a good one, in the person of Edward H. Boyd. Young and old knew him as "Ned." Mr. Boyd was at this time, I think, the managing partner of a coterie of residents engaged in raising cattle on the other side of the Pali at Maunawili, near Waimanalo, and the firm conducted a butcher shop on Hotel Street between Fort Street and the present site of the Alexander Young Hotel. The venture was a profitable one, and later Mr. Boyd disposed of it to Henry Cornwall, of Waikapu, Maui, who successfully continued the business, which later came into the possession of J. R. Price, one of Hono-

lulu's kamaainas. Soon after Mr. Cornwall started in the sugar industry on Maui, where the family resided for years after. Mr. Boyd left a large family and three generations survive him. James Harbottle Boyd, a son, will be remembered for all time. As an official under the monarchy he was popular, and won the confidence of the last reigning families. In later years Maunawili was the scene of notable entertainments, and many who survive today are able to testify to Jimmie's ability as an entertainer and bon vivant. Our friend married Miss Helen Cleghorn, daughter of the late A. S. Cleghorn, a pioneer of Hawaii, and trusted friend of the royal families of Hawaii, who later married the Princess Miriam Likelike, sister of King Kalakaua. James H. Boyd died suddenly two years ago, leaving a large family to mourn his untimely end. In this connection it is a pleasure to say that the Hawaiian ladies of today are to the fore assisting in the good work of helping to better the condition of those who have been rendered helpless by the present terrible conflict, and also providing the necessary wearing apparel for those who leave Hawaii to do their part at the front for the betterment of humanity. To them all praise!

An institution of learning was the Cathedral Grammar School, which for a time was conducted in a frame building in Emma Square. The property had been conveyed to the English Mission by Kamehameha IV. The head master was a Mr. Hyde, who had been delegated to teach the boys what he knew, and incidentally to point out to them the channel which led to the path of rectitude. Of course, boys love their teachers, and it is proper that they should do so, and Mr. Hyde had his favorites, and managed sometimes to keep fairly good order. He was not at all prepossessing in appearance, though not his fault. His condition in health, I imagine, called for a milk diet, as a bottle of milk and a few sandwiches constituted his daily noonday meal. Jimmy Robertson and his brother George attended the school, and one or the other were supposed to bring dear teacher his daily allowance of milk. That they were faithful in depositing the article in a cool spot there is no question, and on warm days even wrapped a damp towel around the bottle to insure its sweetness.. Now, either one of those mischievous boys, or possibly others, sometimes ate the poor man's lunch and drank his supply of milk. They would eat what was contained between the two slices of bread, and the latter they would dispose of by throwing to the Cartwright's big dog "Dash." Jimmy Robertson was known to be very fond of the big Newfoundland and would feed him with anything in the shape of food that came his way. Tom Hughes and his brother Edward were also in evidence those days, and gave and received like the rest of us. The former was a favorite

with the teachers, though a head centre in rascality when the opportunity prevailed. He at one time got the whole of Mr. Hyde's lunch, and offered me a portion, which I indignantly refused, having already partaken of my own during the recess hour. Harry de Varigny, son of the then French consul, was an attendant at the school also. He was impetuous, full of life, and would fight on the drop of the hat, as we witnessed many and many a time. Just before the close of our school term a couple of the boys made a demand for an article which had been taken from them, and was in the possession of Mr. Hyde, but without avail. A rather mean way of "getting even" was resorted to. One afternoon every window in the building was smashed, and the floor littered with stones and broken glass. For several weeks, in spite of aid by the police, no one could find out who the culprits were. Later through the merest accident the secret was divulged, repairs were made, and damages settled by a couple of the residents, then something followed—wow!

I boarded at Punahou for one term, going home once every week. The food was plain, and up to the average of a boarding school's output. We thrived on it, and never were hungry. Three times a week at night a lunch was spread which gave us a change from the regular food. Three or four platters heaped with hard tack with pitchers of water and glasses were placed in the dining room with which we regaled ourselves before bedtime. Wahalama, a native whom we all liked, was employed about the place, and had charge of the pasture where the scholars from town placed their horses during school hours. One of his duties was to watch a certain date tree when in fruit, which task he at all times did well. This tree then was the only one on the premises large enough to bear. However we managed to purloin a few dates at times, and the fruit was large and luscious.

Among the residents many were endowed with the gift of entertaining. Whenever the occasion required, it would not be difficult to get together enough to give an evening's entertainment. Some of these affairs were pulled off in the nature of a surprise among the neighbors, and we boys were allowed to remain up if ours was the house selected, and provided, of course, if we had behaved ourselves during the day. The late Mr. Theo. H. Davies had a great fund of songs and accompanied himself always. I recall the songs, "Kitty Clyde," "Minnie, Kitty Clyde's Sister," "Well of St. Keyne," and others. Mr. Davies had a very good voice and was always the drawing card at these impromptu affairs, young and old alike listening with wrapt attention. In those days songs were songs, and quite unlike those with which we are afflicted in this generation.

THE LEE FAMILY.

The Lee family, of circus fame, was a large one; they came and remained here for some time. Polly Lee was a general favorite, and many of the boys became desperately in love with her, but all to no purpose. On the occasion of one of the first performances here of this family, two of Honolulu's boys now grown men wished to attend the performance, but parents said no. They managed to procure some peanuts and sold them, realizing only enough for one entrance fee. Fred and Clarence Macfarlane were the boys referred to. Fred, being the oldest, got in, but the outlook for Clarence was dim. However, he made application at the ticket office for admission, and was told if he undertook to ride the trick pony he would be admitted. In due time the pony was led into the arena and volunteers called for to ride it. In the meantime Clarence was taken into the dressing tent, attired in a monkey suit, even to the tail, and went into the ring. The conditions were to ride the animal twice around the ring, and if successful, the rider to get a prize. On that occasion it happened that the King was in the royal box, accompanied by three or four friends, among whom was Mrs. Macfarlane. Clarence proved a good rider and stuck to the pony, but just before the termination of the last lap the pony laid down. The King mentioned to Mrs. Macfarlane that he thought the boy on the pony resembled Clarence, but his Majesty was assured that the boy was at home in bed. The prize offered was one hundred dollars, but as the boy had done so well, the management decided to give him something, and in the presence of the audience Clarence was presented with a large bag of candy. The King still maintained that Clarence was the rider, and he was called into the royal box, and it transpired the King was right, and he gave the boy a big round dollar. Clarence got something else after he got home! In due time the company pulled "sticks" and embarked. Just before the vessel cast off stowaways were rounded up and brought ashore. Among them was our friend Clarence, who had decided to cast his lot with that famous family, without first obtaining permission.

It was not long after Lee's Circus left here that a minstrel troupe from the Coast gave a series of performances at the Royal Hawaiian Theater. News that a company was being organized for Honolulu came to us long in advance of their advent, and the town was agog with excitement. At last the eventful day arrived, and the opening performance was given to a crowded house. Among the troupe were Billy Birch, Brady, and others of the then celebrated burnt cork fraternity. Some of the boys managed to attend the performances, and many a scheme was put up on our parents. Some of us became ardent church goers and were given permission to attend the Wednesday evening services at the

old Bethel church, or rather the parsonage, where the mid-week meetings were held. Sometimes Brother Dunscomb conducted these services. He was sexton of the church, and took charge if the pastor was away at any time. Later Mr. Dunscomb was in charge of the Sailors' Home, which stood opposite the post office. On one occasion somebody related to one of the boys happened in on his way home and noticed that the congregation was unusually small and asked the reason, saying he knew a few boys who should be there. It came out then that we had been seen entering that hot-bed of crime—the theater. Well! At the close of the performance we were met outside and escorted home. No flogging—but worse—kept at home for four Saturdays and forfeited a month's good mark money.. Of course we were all sorry for our misdeeds, but that was of no avail, and helped us not at all. The troupe was here for some time and did a good business. The harbor was full of whaling ships then, and if the vessels had enjoyed a good season the officers and crew were lavish with their money. It was not an unusual occurrence to see gold thrown on the stage to a favorite performer in fives, tens, and sometimes twenties. In due time the company made its get away, and there was a lull in the amusement world. Not so with us boys. We had talent among us, and only needed practice to bring it out. There were the Macfarlanes—Ned, Fred and Clarence, Jimmy Robertson and George also; Ed. Williams, his brother Henry and a few others, whose names I fail to remember. The first thing was to organize and procure a room for rehearsals, with the necessary seats, etc. Ned Macfarlane got permission to use a room in the rear of the bell tower on Union street, near Engine Co.'s No. 2 hall, and there we met and organized. For seats we got some empty boxes, on which we placed rough boards borrowed from Geo. Howe's lumber yard on the Esplanade. The boards were not at all smooth, and as our trousers were made of rather thin material we were compelled to make two or three attempts before finally getting settled. The first thing to do was to appoint a "middle man" or interlocutor. Some one said that Jimmy Robertson would do; I objected, saying that he stuttered so horribly that he couldn't ask any questions, and Jimmy thought I could do equally as well, remarking that I stuttered worse than he did. However, we compromised on Ned Macfarlane, with Fred as "bones" and Ed Williams on the "tambo." I was to attend to the vocal part, as stuttering did not hinder me in singing. The music for the first rehearsal was furnished by a guitar in the hands of Geo. Robertson, who did very well, considering the instrument was minus two strings. We would much rather have had a piano, but nobody would lend us one. Notwithstanding the fact that our first rehearsal was a success the organization died there and then. The lumber had to be re-

turned on account of its having been sold, the room was wanted for something else, and the boxes were to be broken up for kindling wood.

Soon after this a military company was organized among the boys. White and red striped uniforms were made, as also wooden muskets. We had one parade, but some hoodlums took our guns away from us, and we had to disband.



CECIL BROWN
(Died 1917, aged 67)

CHAPTER VIII.

A Society Marriage—Capt. Daniel Smith—Reminiscences of Well-Known Navigator and Educator, Prominent in Social and Religious Matters—The Love Family—Hon. Jason Perry—John S. Smithies, etc., etc.

A memorable society event occurred in Honolulu, June 2, 1877. Our cousin Ida von Pfister was married to Lieut. W. S. Chambre, of the British warship "Fantome." The ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Cathedral in the presence of an im-

mense congregation, including royalty, as well as the elite of the city. The grounds surrounding the church were brilliantly illuminated and the effect produced was grand in the extreme. The captain of the war vessel acted as best man, and the bride was given away by our uncle, Hon. Godfrey Rhodes. The bridesmaids were Miss Luce, the Misses von Holt Miss Mist, Miss Wodehouse and Miss Dowsett—friends and near relations of the bride. At this late day it is impossible to describe the raiment of the bride, but I presume it was a dress, had trimmings and of color white, while the veil probably was surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms. Of course, the usual festivities followed, and the health of the happy couple drank in the beverage that sparkles, followed by the usual bombardment of ancient footwear and rice.

The "Fantome" brought the Capt. Cooke monument here, and Lieut. Chambre superintended its erection at Kaawaloa, Hawaii. Capt. Chambre and family now reside in England. He offered his services to the British government at the beginning of this war, he having previously retired from active duty. At one time he was in command of the Royal Yacht, and at the present time has shore duty, and is still an honored officer of the Royal Navy.

Dr. Dugald Campbell was a practicing physician on Kauai, and married our cousin Mabel Rhodes, daughter of Henry Rhodes, formerly of Honolulu and British Columbia. They left the islands many years ago and are now located in England. They have two boys, both officers in the British Navy, who have been on active duty since the beginning of this war. They are making a good record, and have been "mentioned in despatches."

CAPT. AND MRS. DANIEL SMITH.

A portion of the waterfront in early days included the foot of Nuuanu street, Brewer's Wharf and James Robinson's—"the point"—where lumber from the Northwest was landed. Brewer & Co. occupied a large coral building, over which was located the armory and Harbor Master's Office. Ewa of Nuuanu Street was the sugar refinery, afterwards used as a sailmaker's loft by J. M. Oat and later by the "Hawaiian Gazette" printing office. Near Brewer's stood Clifford's market, Krueger and Nolte's establishment on Nuuanu and Queen streets, then J. T. Waterhouse, Hackfeld & Co., Ritson & Hart, wholesale liquor dealers, Bolles & Co., Dr. McKibbin's drug store and Capt. McIntyre's tobacco store on Kaahumanu & Queen, while opposite Cleghorn & Co. held sway, A. J. Cartwright and Wilcox, Richards & Co. were in close proximity. Fred Hanks, Barnum W. Field, Jake Hiller, Ed. Harvey, P. C. Jones, J. O. Carter and many others will be remembered by old residents as employed by the different firms in that locality. At this period the harbor master was Capt. John

Meek, who also officiated as pilot. Capt. Meek was assisted by Capt. Holdsworth, who later bought an interest in the bark "Speedwell," which was one of the regular packets plying between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Now came upon the scene Captain Daniel Smith, who arrived here from Sydney between the years 1856-7 with his wife. They were on their way to California and like many others became so charmed with the place that they decided to remain. Capt. Smith succeeded Capt. Holdsworth in the harbor-master's office and a noble record he made for himself, both as a public officer as well as in the service of those who were fortunate enough to obtain his services. A native of the Shetland Islands, Capt. Smith was raised in Aberdeen, Scotland, and graduated from the university in that city, and also took a course at Oxford. He was master and part owner of a vessel on a voyage from Liverpool to Auckland, N. Z., and while at the latter port he and his wife met with a severe accident, from which they never wholly recovered. They were in the hospital at Auckland for sometime, and finally he decided to dispose of his interest in the vessel, which he did, and afterwards took passage for California stopping off at Honolulu as mentioned. It soon became evident that Capt. Smith was a man of no ordinary intelligence, and his abilities became manifest, while the confidence of the community in him grew in volume. Mrs. Smith was born and educated in Edinburgh, Scotland, graduating from the university of that name with high honors. This worthy couple started a school soon after their arrival, which proved a boon to the then rising generation. Mrs. Smith took the primary grades, and her husband the higher studies. Among the well-known families who received tuition were the two families of McIntyre, Alexander Campbells, Mossmans, Loves, Brickwoods, Swintons, McLeans, Thrums, Cornwells, Johnsons, Blaisdells, Friels, Bartletts, Slo-cums, Lambs, Hoppers, Davises, McShanes, Smithies, Berrills, Savidges, O'Neals, Crabbes, Keegans, Maninis, Lucas, and many others. The location of the school was on Smith street, in a 3-room adobe building near Beretania street. Smith street, it will be remembered, was opposite the old Kaumakapili church, and was named after its pastor, Rev. Lowell Smith. Capt. and Mrs. Smith's school increased in popularity as well as in numbers. Our aunt Mrs. von Pfister resided nearby and also conducted a school in a building which was burnt down one night and everything became a total loss. Many of her pupils took advantage of Capt. Smith's school until Mrs. von Pfister resumed teaching at a later period and in a new location. It now became evident that larger quarters were needed to house the school and Capt. and Mrs. Smith moved to a commodious building on Kukui street,

near Fort, which was formerly occupied by the family of Christopher Lewers. Capt. Smith relinquished his duties as teacher when he received his government appointment, but Mrs. Smith kept on in the good work, still teaching in the primary grades. The loss of Capt. Smith as an instructor was soon felt and his friends prevailed upon him to inaugurate a night class in bookkeeping, and for those who desired tuition in the higher mathematics and navigation, a class was also organized. These classes were attended by H. E. McIntyre, H. Slocum, Wm. Fred and Alf. Mossman, Dan Burns, Mort. Oat, Wm. Love, H. A. P. Carter, J. O. and Alf. Carter, W. G. Irwin, W. H. Cornwell, Henry and Ned Macfarlane, Samuel Savidge, Robt. Lewers, P. C. Jones and others who were makers of history and pioneers in the development of the resources and industries of these islands. About the year 1865 Capt. and Mrs. Smith moved to Pawaa and resided in the premises now owned by Mrs. Helen Boyd. Here Capt. Smith established a lunar and transit observatory, rating ship's chronometers, and also prepared statistical and meteorological records, and tables of the local tides, sun and moon, weather forecasts, etc., etc., which were duly published in the Government paper, "Gazette." In this connection it may be said that Capt. Smith's work was for several years checked here and found to be correct in all particulars. He took part here in the observations of the transit of Venus in '75 or '76 and in comparing his results the variance was only the fractional portion of a second, as compared with the findings obtained by the scientists sent out by the British Government from the Hydrographic Office at Greenwich. On the death of Capt. Meek, Capt. Smith received the appointment of Harbor Master, which he held until 1881, when death intervened. His good wife followed him not long after. Thus passed away into the great unknown two most worthy souls and devout Christians who had done their share in the work of the Temple in the uplifting of mankind.

The Loves are an old family closely identified with early Honolulu history and in the year 1851 started in the bakery business; their descendants are still conducting that business at the same stand on Nuuanu street. A couple of monkeys in their back yard were a great source of amusement to the children of that period. When sent to the bakery for a supply of bread we were admonished to return speedily, but sometimes paid our respects to the monkeys. I recall the fire which destroyed the bakery in early days, and remember being taken by the ear and placed out of harm's way by a policeman.

JASON PERRY .

Another kamaaina, who later was Portuguese Consul here,

and a highly respected citizen, was Jason Perry. From Capt. Daniel Smith, Mr. Perry, who came here as a young man, also received instruction, attending the night classes, as he was unfamiliar with English. That his progress was good is evidenced by the fact that in later years he was an apt conversationalist in the English language, and one of Honolulu's leading merchants. Hon. Antonio Perry is a son who is an ex-justice of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, and a prominent member of the Hawaiian bar.

HARRY ARMITAGE.

James and Harry Armitage came here from New Zealand many years ago and located on the island of Hawaii, engaging in commercial enterprises. James died years ago in Hamakua. Harry Armitage is still in evidence. He has held many responsible positions with Honolulu merchants, and for a time was identified with the mining industry in California. He was the first to organize the brokerage business in Honolulu, and is now at the head of a prominent firm here. He has a beautiful home and orchard in Manoa valley, where he raises all the tropical fruits. He has over 5,000 lime trees, to which he has grafted the seedless variety of the same fruit which was obtained from Butari-tari in the South Seas.

JOHN S. SMITHIES.

In early days vessels from the colonies bound to California put in to Honolulu for provisions and water, and some of the passengers remained here permanently. Among the number was John S. Smithies, who took employment first with J. T. Waterhouse and afterwards with the firm of Cleghorn & Co. He was an expert accountant, and soon became well known in commercial life here. He was married here and raised a large family. He later entered the employ of the Hawaiian government, where his services were highly appreciated. He also officiated as manager of the Hawaiian Railroad at Mahukona, Hawaii, for a few years, finally returning to Honolulu, where he later died, universally respected by a large circle of friends.

E. S. CUNHA.

It was about fifty years ago that I first met Emmanuel S. Cunha. He had just arrived in Honolulu on a whaling vessel. Our mode of introduction was unique, if not amusing. We were then living in the "Swiss Cottage," on Nuanu street, and back of us was Waikahalulu, a good sized pool which we sometimes used for bathing. To reach this place we had to walk on very narrow foot paths between the taro patches. We were on our way over one day for a bath and ahead of us saw someone fall into the mud.

It was E. S. Cunha. We assisted him in extricating himself, and a sorry sight he was—mud from his waist down. He seemed to be very much scared, and later said he took us to be savages. He declared we saved his life, and was profuse in his thanks.

We are called upon at times to sympathize with the afflicted and strive to lessen the burdens visited on them. After a life of usefulness our old friend laid down his burden and was called hence. His memory and the good he accomplished always will be with us. There is also consolation in the fact that he died as he had lived, a good man—one of nature's true noblemen.

After a pastorate extending over half a century, the Rev. Henry H. Parker has retired as pastor of "the old stone church." Within sight of the nintieth milestone he is hale and hearty today and one of the few remaining kamaainas who have made history for Hawaii. No doubt in time there will be a memorial placed for him in old Kawaiahao, and it should be a fitting one. Everyone hopes his familiar face will be seen among us for years to come.

CHARLES B. WILSON.

Chas. B. Wilson came here in the latter fifties from Tahiti, where his father was engaged in business, and was also pilot at the port of Papaete. His grandfather, Charles Wilson, was the first pioneer missionary to Tahiti, sent out by the London Missionary Institute in 1797, and died in Samoa in 1861 at the age of 92. Charles Burnett Wilson (father of C. B. W.) was the pioneer in the mother of pearl fisheries in the South Seas, as well as the first to promote the industry of extracting oil from the cocoanut in that section. Charles was apprenticed to the blacksmithing business and served full time and became proficient in his calling. He took great interest in the fire department here, and was elected their chief on two or three occasions, and also was an officer in the Honolulu Rifles. He entered government employ, and held the positions of Superintendent of Water Works and Road Supervisor. He was in touch with Royalty and was a trusted friend of both King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani, and was the last marshal under the monarchy. After the overthrow of royalty he lent his services in building up the Hawaiian Republic. His son, John H. Wilson, is a prominent contractor, and the Democratic National Committee man.

There is a great difference between the boys of fifty years ago and those of today. There was no loitering with us after being told to do anything—only one order was necessary. We were respectful because we had to be. Then, our parents were never referred to as "the old man" and "the old woman." We were seen but not heard, unless spoken to. All that was necessary after a breach of rules was the motion by one of our parents of a finger. We understood its meaning and withdrew.

Adrian Dudoit, long since dead, was one of my chums. We once had a mix-up near the "Lighthouse"—the Keegan property, then at the corner of Kukui Lane and Nuuanu street. The late George Lucas, who resided nearby, happened along in his buggy and saw us. He called out, saying he would tell our parents we were fighting. Dudoit ran one way, and I held my ground for a minute and was impudent—made a face at him. Mr. Lucas made a grasp for his buggy whip and I was off like a shot, and ran some distance, when on turning and looking in his direction for a moment, I saw he had not left his buggy, but was laughing heartily. He was a good man, and delighted to refer to the old times of Honolulu. He was an authority on many matters, and his charities were legion, and always bestowed in the proper places.

H. A. WIDEMANN.

One of the well-known Kauai pioneers was the late Herman A. Widemann, who settled near Wailua, our home, and officiated as tutor to the four older children of our family—Arthur, Godfrey, Alice and Frank. He resided on Kauai for many years; was married and raised a large and interesting family. Later he moved to Honolulu, and was a trusted friend and adviser to the Hawaiian government from the reign of Kamehameha III up to the annexation of the country by the United States. He held many cabinet positions, and was for a period a Justice of the Supreme Court. He was always a true friend of Hawaii, as well as a financial bulwark to the government, and a promoter of many industries which served in up-building the nation. Three generations of descendants survive him, and are prominent and respected members of the community.

CURTIS P. IAUKEA.

Among the prominent Hawaiians still with us, and one who has made his mark, is Col. Curtis P. Iaukea. Under the monarchy he was prominent officially, and held many responsible positions of trust, as well as being an adviser to the last two regimes. When King Kalakaua returned from his travels through the mainland and Europe, Mr. Iaukea was sent to represent Hawaii at the jubilee of Queen Victoria, and was also honored with decorations by European and Oriental monarchs. He also was Hawaiian Ambassador to St. Petersburg at the coronation of the Czar Nicholas. The latter is now in Siberia resting from his arduous labors, and marked attention is given him. He has a bodyguard of three hundred troops, whose main duty is to keep the dogs from barking at him. Colonel Iaukea held positions under the Hawaiian Republic, which he filled with honor. He married the daughter of Fred L. Hauks, an early Honolulu merchant. Children and grand-

children are in evidence to brighten their declining years. They are pleasantly located in a beautiful home in Nuuanu Valley.

CHAS. L. HOPKINS.

One by one our schoolmates and companions of boyhood days are being called hence. Charles L. Hopkins, son of the late Charles Gordon Hopkins, one of Honolulu's former residents, passed away lately from an attack of paralysis. He was one of the most intelligent Hawaiians of his time and beloved and respected by all who had the good fortune to form his acquaintance. As a trusted official under the monarchy he built for himself a clean record, and his friends were many. As his father was a trusted friend and subject of two Kamehamehas, so was Charles a popular subject and official under Hawaii's last two monarchs, as well as a faithful employee under the Hawaiian Republic, and later the Territory of Hawaii. Many will miss him, and his genial smile and affable manner will long be remembered. A good man gone, peace to his ashes!

JAMES B. CASTLE.

As the writer was bringing this narrative to a close the passing of another school companion in the person of James B. Castle occurred. When a student at Punahou "Jim's" mates will recall to mind that a nervous temperament was his, which, though noticeable in after years, did not in the least deter him in the promotion of the many industries of which he was the founder, but rather served as a stimulus to attain the goal which buoyed him up and later made him famous. James B. Castle has left a monumental record, and was not an "industrial adventurer", as a Honolulu newspaper classed him, for he never attained his high station by specious pretensions. Ewa, Kahuku and Hawaiian Commercial Industries, Electric Railways, coupled with many other enterprises, will perpetuate his memory for all time, and those who have enjoyed the fruits of his labor may truly incise his epitaph: "In Grateful Memory of".

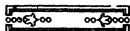
B. F. DILLINGHAM.

The community was mourning the demise of James B. Castle when Benjamin F. Dillingham, another of Honolulu's sturdy pioneers and history-makers, passed to the Great Beyond. The writer calls to mind the coming to Honolulu of Mr. Dillingham, and his entering the employ of a pioneer firm; his subsequent entry into business on his own account, and the beginning of his active career, which culminated in the noble record which he left. There is a piece of ground in front of the O. R. & L. Co.'s depot in Honolulu which could be utilized in placing thereon a suitable memorial to these two pioneers, and it is up to this com-

munity to move in the matter. A statue of the two promoters, cast in bronze, would be pleasing. There is a memorial to the memory of James Lick, erected opposite the old City Hall in San Francisco, which bears groups and tablets representing the industries fathered by this well-known California pioneer. A monument on these lines would be appropriate, also.

GOV. CHAS. J. McCARTHY.

A residence of nearly forty years anywhere places one in the pioneer class. In this pamphlet some of Hawaii's early pioneers are referred to. After the argonauts have held their sway the tide of immigration sets in, and an influx of homeseekers is the result; and from these others spring to continue the good work, and so on in each succeeding generation. The writer is pleased to refer to Charles J. McCarthy, who has just been appointed Governor of Hawaii. Anno Domini 1881 was the epoch of his coming. Indomitable will and integrity soon earned for him the confidence of the community and from that time the foundation of his career was laid, and which has now landed him in his high position. Under the monarchy he was elected to a seat in the House of Nobles, was elected to the Territorial Senate and in later years filled faithfully many positions of trust. Governor McCarthy has rare ability, and his administration will be a clean one, devoid of all favoritism. He says there are no strings on him, and the community so believes.



CHAPTER IX.

Father and Mother Pass Away—Sickness and Death of Our Brother Cecil—H. M. von Holt—Judge C. F. Hart—Malcolm Brown—Illness of Samuel Parker, etc., etc.

In 1886 father's health became impaired and we had to be careful with him, as he had now passed the eighty-second milestone. The anniversary of their golden wedding was near at hand, and we had already made preparations for a fitting celebration when his malady increased and he had to take to his room. The anniversary of their wedding saw him in bed, and of course all preparations were set aside; on this memorable anniversary, however, he received congratulations while confined to his room, and

passed away one week later, on the 22d of October, 1886. For over 30 years he had held the position of Registrar of Conveyances, and during the first years of his incumbency our mother assisted him, until the volume of business so increased that several clerks were employed. Our dear mother survived him 14 years and was called hence in the year 1900, and the two are now resting side by side in the family plot in beautiful Nuuanu.

Our nieces Marie and Bertha von Holt attended the select school of our aunt Mrs. von Pfister. A few years later saw them at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon, where their studies terminated. They then returned to Honolulu, and in church, social and other matters were recognized leaders.

After an absence of many years our niece, Marie R. von Holt, returned to Honolulu recently and was welcomed by a mighty host of friends. While absent most of her time has been occupied in work similar to that which her late lamented mother had made a life study—that of doing good. England, the Continent, the Far East and the United States, as well as the Dominion of Canada, was visited, and many are able to testify to the success of her efforts in the good work.

In 1888 Bertha married Mr. F. W. Glade, engaged in the cultivation of sugar at Kekaha, Kauai. Mr. Glade is a member of the well known family of that name, who were closely identified with the firm of Hackfeld & Co., one of the oldest commercial houses here. The ceremony was solemnized in St. Andrew's Cathedral by Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, step-father of the bride. The edifice was tastefully decorated, the work of sailors from a British war vessel then in port. The King sent the band, and they were escorted to the steamer which took them to their home on Kauai. They left Kauai several years later and proceeded to Germany, and took up their residence in Dresden. The family now consists of three girls and two boys. All received schooling in Germany. They remained in Dresden until the breaking out of the present war, when they came to the United States. They went through many hardships before leaving Germany, and are now comfortably settled in Oakland, Cal.

After a lingering illness Mr. F. W. Glade passed away in Oakland, Cal., in April, 1918, and leaves children and grandchildren to mourn his loss. He was closely identified with the stock and sugar industries here in early days.

Our nephew Harry M. von Holt was born in Honolulu in 1863 and after receiving tuition at home, attended the school in Pauoa conducted by the late Alatau T. Atkinson. Next he attended the Royal School, of which his step-father, Rev. A. Mackintosh, was principal, finally terminating his studies at the Bishop Scott Academy in Portland, Oregon. On returning to Honolulu

he entered the employ of W. G. Irwin & Co., and remained with them for a number of years, and later relinquished his duties there to take up a position with the well-known Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He made several voyages to China and Japan as freight clerk on the steamer "City of Pekin." Afterwards he returned and entered the office of his uncle Cecil and assisted in the management of the Campbell interests, and many other matters in which his uncle was interested. For the last three or four years he has virtually had charge of the affairs of his uncle, relieving him at last of the burden of business which he has now taken over, filling many offices of trust.

In 1887 Harry married the oldest daughter of Vlademar Knudsen, Esq., of Waimea, Kauai. The ceremony was performed in Cambridge, Mass., and after a sojourn of a few months they returned to Honolulu. An interesting family of five is now domiciled in their beautiful home on Judd street. Here the young ladies of the house preside in matters social, and harmony, of course, reigns supreme.

In another part of this narrative is mentioned the marriage of our niece Bertha to Mr. F. W. Glade, and their leaving for their future home on Kauai. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since then, and it is a pleasing duty now to say that Ethel, their youngest daughter, has followed in her parents' footsteps and as the bride of Mr. Sinclair Robinson, has gone to the same island to take up her abode and is domiciled not far from the former home of her great grandparents and where her grandmother spent the early days of her childhood. The young couple were married last August in Oakland, California. Mr. Sinclair Robinson is the son of Aubrey Robinson, Esq., of Kauai and Niihau, and is engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of sugar at Makaweli.

Alice, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Glade was married in Dresden, Germany, to Mr. C. W. Kraul, several years ago, and is now living on the Hardanger Fjord, in Norway. Her husband is a civil engineer, and engaged in the task of conserving and concentrating water supplies in the northern part of that territory. An interesting family of two girls and a boy enlivens their home, and the bracing air of northern climes no doubt is serving to make the youngsters sturdy specimens of the human race.

Mention has been made in this record of the marriage of two of our grand nieces, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Glade and now the names of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elder White grace the pages of this book. Mary Elizabeth von Holt, the oldest daughter of our nephew Harry M. von Holt was married on the 2d day of February, 1918, to Lieut. Robert Elder White, of the Reserve Corps, U. S. A., in St. Andrew's Cathedral. A beauti-

ful ceremony it was, indeed with the chancel and altar tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers and choice evergreens, made doubly sacred by the fact that the bride's dear old great grandparents and grandmother worshipped within the sacred edifice in by-gone years. Lieut. White hails from the "old South," his family being residents of Baltimore, Maryland. He has resided in the Territory for the past three years, holding a responsible position with the Land Department of the Oahu Railway and Land Co., which he left to join the first training camp at Schofield Barracks, coming out with a first lieutenantcy and being assigned to the 25th Infantry on this island.



CECIL and MALCOLM BROWN
Aged 13 (Taken in 1863) Aged 12

Our brother Cecil passed away on March 6, 1917, after an illness of over two years. He was born at Wailua, Kauai, October 9, 1850, and there his early boyhood was spent, where our father was engaged in the business of stock raising.

He early developed an affectionate nature and received his first instruction from our mother and father. He later entered the select school of our aunt, Mrs. S. U. von Pfister, and the Cathedral Grammar School, afterward attending Punahou school.

In December, 1866, Cecil left Honolulu to take up the study

of law, again traveling by the Cape Horn route, in the same vessel, then under another name—the *Iolani*—with Captain Green still in command. He entered the Columbia Law School, in Washington, D. C., in time graduating therefrom with high honors.

New York City was his next objective, and he was fortunate in obtaining a position in the law offices of Evarts, Southmate & Choate, of national fame, the late Mr. Choate at one time being accredited to the Court of St. James, England, as American ambassador.

Cecil received a thorough insight and training in law, which in later years proved to be of great benefit and assistance in his chosen profession. He was overcome by heat in New York one summer and for a time was in a critical condition, the effect of which in later years caused him to suffer from violent headaches.

In 1874 he left New York for San Francisco, coming by way of Panama. The steamer (the *Arizona*) on which he embarked became disabled at sea, finally being towed into San Francisco with passengers and crew on short rations.

The year 1876 saw him back in Honolulu, and he at once opened an office and started the practice of law. From this time on his advancement was rapid, and he soon built up a lucrative practice. His opinion and advice were sought by members and many were those who profited through his exertions. All business entrusted to him was zealously guarded; all were his friends and right royally did he treat them.

“Kikila, ke keiki o ka aina” (Cecil, the son of the land) was the slogan with the Hawaiians, and they loved him for his personal worth.

In 1877-8 he entered on a legislative career, lasting up to the time of the termination of the monarchy, and continuing thereafter up to a short time prior to his last illness. He was successively elected to the legislature and many times headed the most important committees, such as finance, judiciary and others. As a parliamentarian, he was second to none and his decisions as presiding officer of the territorial senate were just and well received. He served a term as attorney general under the monarchy and was often called in to give advice and counsel to the reigning family.

Our loss is indeed great; equally so that of the community. To be stricken and laid low, taken from those he loved, debarred from his daily avocation for the betterment of humanity may be a gain—but let him rest! We should remember that although suffering is rampant, there is always respite. When the storm has spent its fury, away in the distance the lowering clouds break and we see in their stead the silvery lines which broaden and broaden until at last the rays of the rising sun dispel the gloom,

and another gem of noble manhood, resplendent in the caskets of memory is enrolled there to remain until time shall be no more. But hark! hark! Sweet voices softly singing, tell us the glad tidings of an existence in the far beyond! Of a new life to live with our dear ones gone before! O! that we could send the loving message to the dear old mother, father, sister, of a happy reunion one and inseparable! Until then, Good Night! Farewell! Farewell!

Cecil married the widow of Menzies Dickson, a former old resident, and after a happy sojourn together for eleven years she passed away after a short illness.

To give credit where credit is due is a pleasure, and at the same time incumbent on all. Our brother was fortunate in having so faithful a servant in the person of Mrs. Mary Santos, the housekeeper. To her all praise! Early and late, day in and day out, for many years her ministrations were honestly and sincerely tendered. No better service was ever rendered.

It is likewise a privilege to write truthfully and at the same time give honor and credit to those who in their profession have by close study attained the highest pinnacle of efficiency. Good Christian women grace the calling of professional nursing. Fortunate indeed was the family in having the companionship and service of two noble women. To the lady in charge, Miss Lucy Hayllor, words are inadequate to express their appreciation of the gentle and painstaking efforts shown for his comfort. To Miss Margaret McCullough and the many ladies who assumed the arduous night vigils, a debt of gratitude will ever be due.

Malcolm (the writer) youngest of the family, was born at Wailua, Kauai, Oct. 19, 1851. I suffered very poor health when young, but the voyage around Cape Horn with the family and return by the same route proved a benefit. After several years of schooling I entered the office of the "Hawaiian Gazette" and soon became proficient as a compositor. While serving my apprenticeship with the Gazette I was, of course, classed as "the printer's devil." The paper was issued every Wednesday, and I was sent out with copies for sale. My route began at "Fowler's Yard," a cul-de-sac between Fort and Nuuanu streets, with an entrance on Hotel street, opposite the International Hotel, and an egress on Nuuanu street, near Geo. McLean's grocery store. Fowler kept a lodging house with small furnished cottages for rent, and here I sold many papers. I then branched off into Hotel street, and took in Smith and Maunakea Street, where I always found the denizens of that locality waiting for their paper, and many times had to go back for a fresh supply. Quite a number of small stores existed in this locality, where the illicit sale of wines and liquors at that time prevailed. Natives were not allowed booze

then but it was a common sight of a Saturday and Sunday to see them "under the influence". It took some time to stop the traffic, but it was eventually done. Peaches preserved in brandy were on sale in some of the stores. Large consignments of these goods were received by certain firms and sold to the trade. Private stills existed among the natives, who manufactured a beverage called "okolehao," which then was a very popular tippie. The manufacture of this liquor is not so extensively conducted now as it was then. Imported liquor seems to be now in demand, as well as light wines and beer, which will undoubtedly continue until we get prohibition.

Four years later I went to California (1870) and entered the military college at Benicia (St. Augustine's) and in 1872 left there to take employment with the San Francisco "Bulletin." Here among about 40 employes there were no less than five of the name of Brown. They were all distinguished by nicknames, such as "Parson," "Fatty," "Slim," and "Modoc." I made the fifth and was dubbed "Kanaka Brown," which appellation stuck to me for years after, and it even appeared in a summons on one occasion, when I was called as a witness in one of the courts. On being sworn in the witness box the Judge asked me how I came to get such a peculiar name. I explained how it was, which caused much amusement, and the bailiff finally had to call for order. I returned to Honolulu in 1878, later going to Hawaii, where I took up sugar boiling at the Union Mill, Kohala, with James Renton, Sr. The year 1881 saw me back in Honolulu. Soon after my return I entered Government employ, holding office until 1894, when I returned to California. Here I became identified with the hotel business. Clerking is an interesting employment, especially in a first-class house. The St. James Hotel at San Jose, also the Vendome and Bristol, at that place, were then the prominent hostelries, in all of which I served. Though in a measure it is routine work, you learn something every day; your "education" in that line never ceases; you get an insight into human character, and should almost tell what a guest wants before he opens his mouth. There is no arguing the point with a patron; take what he tells you—"say nothing and saw wood."

For upwards of six years Samuel Parker, our companion of boyhood and friend of later years, has been confined to his room in a weakened state. A visit to his home cheers up the invalid, and his friends on these occasions manage to jolly him along, which does more to better his condition than anything else. If there is anyone who deserves the gratitude of Hawaiians and foreigners alike, that person is Samuel Parker, for never was there anyone who drew the breath of life better entitled to lasting love and consideration than he. Kind to a fault, his charities

(and they are legion) were bestowed with a free hand. It is universally known that the Hawaiians are a truly sympathetic race, and words fail to express the loving care and attention our friend receives from his sons and daughters. If in the hereafter there be rewards for filial love and affection, theirs will be a goodly portion. People often forget that kindness was bestowed on them, and if adversity overtakes those who have extended the right hand of fellowship, too often is it the case that we utterly ignore our benefactors. If it is the way of the world, let us hope that in many cases it is unintentional.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Judge Chas. Frederick Hart was our mother's half brother. This family included Emily Rhodes Hart, Sebastian Hart and Wolf Hart. Uncle Charles came out from England soon after our father and mother were settled on Kauai, and was followed later by his sister, Emily Rhodes Hart; Wolf Hart went to the Australian colonies, where he followed the occupation of an artist, and finally came to Honolulu. The latter is now the sole survivor of his family, and resides at Waimea, Kauai. Emily Rhodes Hart died in Honolulu soon after her arrival from England in the early sixties. Sebastian Hart died when young, and at the age of eight years was a proficient performer on the organ—in fact, the entire family were musicians of rare ability. After settling in Honolulu, Chas. F. Hart entered into partnership with John Retson in the wholesale liquor business, and had an establishment on Queen street, between Kaahumanu and Nuuanu streets. Later he sold his interest to his partner, and went to South Kona, Hawaii, and engaged in the raising and manufacture

of sugar. He was appointed District Judge, and served in that capacity for a number of years, finally moving to Kohala, where the cultivation of sugar was resumed. Judge Hart died about eight or nine years ago, and is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Francis Gay and Mrs. A. Jordan, both now residing on the mainland. Mrs. Hart passed away several months ago.

RETROSPECT.

In looking back over bygone years our thoughts revert to associations which vividly remind us of those happy times spent within the portals of an ideal home. Beautiful characters of sweetness and good example, watchful for the welfare of those dear to them, mindful of the adjuncts which go to formulate mind and character, our mother and sister "Lilly," or, as she was affectionately termed, "the little mother," were the guiding stars of the household. The aim in life should be to try and lessen the burdens that accrue to others upon dissolution and to so mould our efforts that we become satisfied in the knowledge that a faithful realization of our wishes is assured. How often is it, though, people fail to appreciate that the instruction received at the fire-side is for their benefit, but by thoughtless action through ill-advice of designing "friends," abandon all sense of gratitude and shatter those ideals which would assure a station of honor and respect. A deplorable state of affairs exists, indeed, where mercenary and unscrupulous tactics are resorted to in order to further selfish ends. All these things come back to us in later years,

Visions from the shadowy past
That will haunt us to the last.

—*Aloha!*

ANNOUNCEMENT

The writer takes pleasure in announcing that material sufficient to warrant the publication of another book is on hand, which, with data promised, should make the issue valuable as a reference and interesting reading to the residents of our Territory. The true history of the diplomatic expedition to Samoa on board H. H. M.'s Ship "Kaimiloa" will be given, and the credit for same lifted from the shoulders of one person and placed where it rightfully belongs, upon the anatomy of another.

Matters social and otherwise, publication of which was heretofore suppressed, will, should the author think advisable, be ventilated.

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Reminiscences of a

pioneer Kauai family

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